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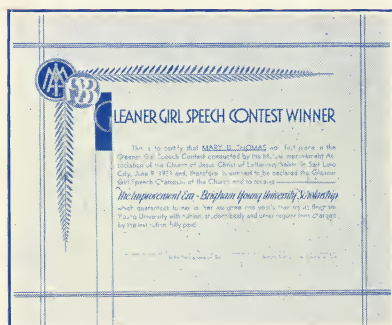
Volume 36 JULY, 1933 Number 9
Return Postage Guaranteed — Salt Lake City, Utah



M Men and Gleaner Girls You May also Win



These are cuts made from the certificates which were presented to Merrill Wood, of Farmington, Utah, and



Mary D. Thomas, of the L. D. S. Institute, Pocatello, Idaho.

Each Award Has a Value of \$86.50

The Improvement Era, in order to encourage the highest type of work in the field of speech has arranged to repeat this offer in 1934.

DETAILS OF SPEECH CONTEST

1. All M Men and Gleaner Girls eligible under the M. I. A. Speech Contest rules (see M. I. A. Handbook) are eligible to participate.

2. Speeches must be prepared in accordance with

contest rules, and a typewritten copy of the winning speeches must be furnished *The Improvement Era* at the conclusion of the June Conference, 1934.

3. To the winners *The Improvement Era* will award

The Improvement Era-B. Y. U. Scholarships— Cash Value \$86.50

entitling the holder to one year's paid-up tuition, a student-body card, and all other privileges offered to regular students by Brigham Young University.

4. Contestants are to enter in the regular way in their own wards and must go through the regular routine outlined in the M. I. A. Handbook.

Read The Improvement Era

"A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY"

The Improvement ERA

JULY, 1933

Volume 36, Number 9

Heber J. Grant, Editor
Harrison R. Merrill, Managing Editor
Elsie Talmage Brandley, Asso. Editor

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education

FORECAST

LEPROSY has always been a dread disease, in the western world, chiefly because of the references to it in the Bible. It may surprise some to learn that the disease so dreaded by Biblical characters was not leprosy at all. Virginia Jacobsen in the August number of *The Improvement Era* tells the story of the connection Dr. Lyman Daines, of the University of Utah, has had with the Leper colony in Louisiana. Dr. Daines, a member of the General Board of the M. I. A., has had signal recognition from the government for his work in connection with this dread disease.

1 1 1

JUNE Conference in picture and story will be given in the August magazine.

1 1 1

THE COVER

PIONEER Woman and Children," a photograph of a statue by Avard Fairbanks is shown on this month's cover. The monument from which this picture was taken stands in the state of Washington. Seldomly does a sculptor succeed in getting so much emotion in the solid stone as Mr. Fairbanks has captured here. His figure looks as if it could breathe and talk. The design of the cover is by Paul Clowes, Salt Lake Artist. Mr. Fairbanks has charge of the art work which has been done in connection with the Church's exhibit in the World's Fair, Chicago. His great figure of Progress is attracting universal attention at the exhibit.

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Jack's Ranch, Nevada, by Le Conte Stewart

A Word of Appreciation from *The First Presidency*



Photo by Sears

FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH

Anthony W. Ivins, President Heber J. Grant, J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

TO all missionaries who are in the field, those who have rendered missionary service, and those who are yet to go upon missions:

Christ our Lord called his twelve disciples together and sent them out to preach the gospel. And he said to them, "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece."

He also appointed other seventy, and sent them out two and two, and said to them: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Go your ways: behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves."

Just prior to his crucifixion, Jesus declared the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, and the judgments which would come to the Israelitish people.

As he sat upon the Mount of Olives, his disciples asked him when the predictions made would be ful-

filled, and particularly, what was to be the sign of his coming again to earth, to redeem his people.

Among other signs by which they were to be made aware of the near approach of his coming, he said: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

Following the example of the Master, and in fulfillment of his predictions, the missionary system adopted by him has been in operation in the Church since the period of the Restoration.

It is estimated that more than sixty thousand members of the Church have served in the mission field since its organization. In one respect we have deviated from the custom of the primitive Church greatly to our advantage, we have included women as well as men in our missionary system.

These representatives of the Church, composed in

great part of young men and women, have gone out into the world with the same faith and courage exemplified by the disciples of our Lord. They have manifested the same fortitude and courage, have met the same opposition from the enemy of truth, and in some instances have given their lives, martyrs for the cause which they represent.

The Lord has gone before them and been their rearward. The signs promised have followed them in their ministry. They have carried the glad tidings of the Restoration to many homes where hearts which were in hopeless despair have been made happy because of the message which they brought.



Bishop Harold Reynolds

FOR twenty-seven years Bishop Harold Reynolds has been Mission and Travel Secretary for the Church. He succeeded his father, George Reynolds, who held the same position for years before Bishop Reynolds was installed in the office.

The office of Bishop Reynolds in the Church Office Building, is familiar to practically every missionary, for the reason that most, if not all, of them report at his office from one to several times. Bishop Reynolds looks after tickets and, when elders are called to foreign countries, their passports and visas.

Thousands of missionaries have passed through the Secretary's office during the past quarter of a century. Bishop Reynolds says he has been impressed on many occasions with the faithfulness of the saints at home and their determination to aid in bearing the Gospel message to the ends of the earth.

From our hearts we praise and bless them for the faithful service rendered, and pray that the protecting hand of Almighty God may be over them, both men and women, those who have served, those who are now in the field, and those who may follow after.

Your brethren and fellow-workers in the Master's service,

Harold Reynolds
John A. Widtsoe



Photo by Sears

A REMARKABLE GROUP PICTURE OF THE QUORUM OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES TAKEN DURING THE APRIL CONFERENCE

Left to right: Geo. F. Richards, Jos. F. Merrill, Jos. Fielding Smith, David O. McKay, James E. Talmage, Reed Smoot, Rudger Clawson, Geo. Albert Smith, Stephen L. Richards, Richard R. Lyman, Melvin J. Ballard. (John A. Widtsoe was in Europe.)

The TEMPLE SQUARE Mission

A Foreign Mission at Home

By

ORSON REGA CARD



Elder Joseph S. Peery, President

THE fact that railways, highways and airways merge at Salt Lake City, bringing millions of visitors from every nation, race and creed, and from every station in life is no mere chance. Becoming a "Tourists' Mecca," however, brought its problems, one of the most serious of which was the erroneous and ridiculous information given out by "Hack Drivers," self-appointed guides and wilful slanderers concerning Mormon beliefs, practices and institutions. The Bureau of Information and Church Literature which was opened August 4th, 1902, with Elder Benjamin Goddard in charge was successful from the very first in meeting this and other problems,

and its advantage to the Church and community was immediately recognized. Free daily organ recitals were inaugurated and were much appreciated by local citizens as well as visitors. The outstanding value of this new enterprise was the opportunity it offered in preaching the Gospel to "The strangers within our gates." In 1921 the First Council of Seventy were placed in charge of missionary work on the Temple Block and in 1922, Elder Levi Edgar Young was made President of what was to be known from then on as the Temple Square Mission, being placed on a par with the other missions of the Church.

Thus the Temple Square Mission came into existence, gaining the unique position of a "Foreign Mission at home" and has been and is a great factor in the extensive missionary work of the Church. Elder Joseph S. Peery was appointed President of the Temple Square Mission and Manager of the Bureau of Information,

July 9th, 1932, and is assisted by thirty-one guides.

MANY converts have been made as a direct result of this Mission, several of them being baptized in the Tabernacle Font. One great advantage to our missionary system is the business-like method of reporting of names and addresses of interested visitors to the other mission officers residing in the localities from which these visitors come. The far reaching and beneficial results of such an activity are immeasurable.

"And all nations shall flow unto it." Six millions is a conservative estimate of the number of visitors on the Temple Block since 1902. Millions of tracts, books and pamphlets have been distributed and have thus carried to every part of the World a message of truth and hope. "I came here an enemy, I go away a friend," is a typical remark of the tourist. Another expression of appreciation: "I have traveled the world over, and, without charge, I have received more here than at any other place."

Continued on page 520

A typical group on "The Square,"
Salt Lake City, Utah





L. D. S. Chapel at Washington, D. C.

A MISSION of Romance—The Cradle of Mormonism—The scene of the Restoration of the Gospel! From the first short journey of an humble Elder of yesterday to the powers of the press and the radio of today. Such, in suggestion, is the history of the Eastern States Mission.

It was the first prayer of a humble boy that opened the way to this great latter-day work. The scene of this event now is an inspiring shrine of the Church. And Cumorah, from whose bosom was delivered, shortly after the first vision, the message of the Book of Mormon will soon have erected on its crest an imposing monument to commemorate the coming forth of the "voice from the dust." Events followed rapidly the visits of

The Eastern States MISSION

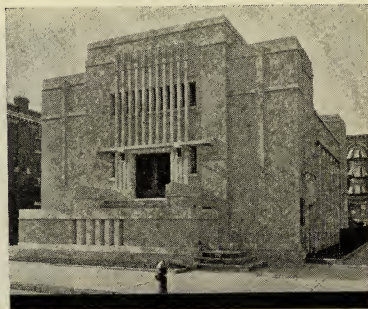
By
FORACE GREEN

Moroni. The priesthood was restored, the first baptisms performed, missionary work started, converts made, and the Book of Mormon published. In a lowly farmhouse that still stands the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had its obscure beginning. Growth came rapidly and persecution drove the Saints

westward. When they reached Illinois the necessity of again establishing headquarters in the Eastern States became apparent and so in January, 1839, John P. Greene was called by the Prophet for this important work. Under the inspired leadership of such men as Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Samuel Brannan (in February, 1846, Elder Brannan took a company of 250 Saints on a ship around Cape Horn and established a colony in California in July), Jesse C. Little, William I. Appleby, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor and others, steady progress was made until about

1854, when nearly all the missionaries were called home and not until after the Civil War were activities resumed. In 1893 Elder Job Pingree was called to reopen the mission and since that time it has enjoyed steady development.

SHORTLY after President James H. Moyle arrived in January, 1929, to direct the affairs of the Mission he was impressed with the importance and value of using modern methods of preaching the gospel. "From the housetops" was to go our message and here commenced the fulfilment of this Book of Mormon prophecy. The radio, commencing actively on May 18, 1930, has become a valuable means of spreading the truths of the Gos-



L. D. S. Chapel, Brooklyn, New York

pel in the Mission. The regular broadcasting of sermons and musical programs necessitated the appointment of a Mission Radio Director to assist the missionaries. To date (May 30) some 940 programs have been given over 21 stations. The outstanding broadcast was given last November when the Mission went on the air for a half hour over Columbia's nation-wide network of 92 stations.

The bulk of the radio work has been done by the missionaries with the help of members and friends. Progress is still going on in this important work and experiments are being made with electrical recordings. It is confidently anticipated that through electrical transcriptions Tabernacle Choir and Organ Recitals with productions of our leading singers and musicians and addresses delivered by our best writers and speakers will, through the use of these recordings, take the place of or become an important addition to the work which youthful, inexperienced missionaries are now doing.



Moroni delivering the Plates,
Cumorah Monument

THE autumn of 1930 saw the first exhibit of Mormonism in an eastern fair. At that display which was at the great annual Eastern States Exposition, in Springfield, Massachusetts, an attractive booth was set up. A replica of the Salt Lake Temple was its central feature. Since that time seventeen others have been sponsored with very attractive features by the mission. Over 200,000 pamphlets and tracts were voluntarily taken by the people, many Books of Mormon and other doctrinal books were distributed, 145 people extended invitations to have mission-

aries call at their homes and gospel conversations were had with thousands.

The public press has been used to carry our message, as far as possible, to the people. In February, 1931, a Publicity Department was created and a Director appointed. Under the direction of this department since that time nearly six hundred newspapers in the mission have been visited and thousands of articles have been printed. Papers in cities of well over a quarter of a million people have given us long articles and front page pictures.

Along with this work the mission is placing pamphlets and tracts, Church magazines and other publications, where they are easily accessible for the reading public. A survey has been made of the 345 largest public libraries during the past two years. Nearly all have the Book of Mormon. One hundred seventeen are receiving the *Improvement Era* monthly. Its worn pages at the end of each month give evidence of much use. It is perhaps the most popular religious publication these institutions receive. The "Liahona," which is also popular among readers, is being sent to 59 libraries. Sixty-five literature boxes have been placed in first class hotel lobbies, bus and railroad stations, etc., and some 150,000 pamphlets and tracts have been voluntarily taken by the people during the past two years.

AS is no doubt the case in other missions the shortage of missionaries has been keenly felt. Much of the work is being ably carried on by local members and the missionaries are doubling their burdens. A most important step in mission organization was made recently when President Moyle formed the New York District with practically a Stake organization. All the officers are functioning efficiently and are looking forward to the time that there will be a Stake of Zion in the "eastern states" as was predicted by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Eight new branches have been organized during the past three years, the number of chapels has been increased from five to ten and in addition thereto the mission has



Panels from the base of the Cumorah Monument by Knaphus

contributed over \$140,000.00 to the Memorial Chapel in Washington, D. C. With the exception of Temples this is the most beautiful and substantial structure built by the Church and its completion, in the near future, will mark another important step in the history of Mormonism. Last year's tithing was 13% greater than it was five years ago and with the exception of the two preceding years there was more paid than in any one year in the history of the mission.

THE auxiliary organizations are rapidly falling into line with the work as it is carried on in the Stakes. Genealogical Committees have recently been organized in seven of the branches. The thirty-five Sunday Schools are following the regular courses prescribed by the General Board in so far as local conditions will permit. Four new Relief Societies have been organized during the past year. These have proved valuable as mediums for missionary work in addition to the outstanding service they have rendered those in need. Scouting has been placed in the hands of a local member and the M. I. A. with its new activity programs, contests, and Gold and Green Ball, is striving nobly to supply the needed social contacts in the lives of its children who are so far away from Mormon community life. The first primary in the Eastern States was held in October, 1927, with a group of non-Mormon children. Over 80% of the children now enrolled in this organization come from non-Mormon homes.

The missionaries of the Eastern States are gladly shouldering the additional responsibility placed upon them as the work grows and the number of workers decreases. During the first quarter of 1931 the average cost for each missionary was \$58.00 per month. For the first quarter of 1933 this dropped to \$36.92 and it is steadily going down.

With the decrease in expenses has come an increase in other activities. The radios, newspapers, and fair exhibits have brought additional work as have the library survey and the literature boxes. And the number of converts, which is in the end the big purpose of missionary activity, has increased 42% during the past four years.

AT the Sacred Grove each Pioneer Day the missionaries with many of the members and friends, gather for an annual conference.

The Frontispiece

THE frontispiece this month is by Le Conte Stewart, director of art at the Ogden City High School and a resident of Kayville, where he maintains a studio. The painting is one of scores of the artist's impressions of the West of which he has always been a part. Although he has painted some lovely pictures of other subjects, never is he more at home than when painting a sagebrush-covered hill, a mountain vista, or the homes and belongings of pioneers.

As a painter of the Utah desert he has few equals, and, in the opinion of some critics, absolutely no superiors. His brush somehow catches the very spirit of the wide shade-scale-covered hills and plains above which arches the desert sky, partly screened by the well known desert "blush."

Mr. Stewart was born in Glenwood, a town near Richfield in Sevier County, Utah. His father, I. J. Stewart, an attorney, later moved to Rexburg, Idaho, where Le Conte enrolled at the Ricks Academy, now Ricks College, and received his high school training, acting as artist on the staff of the student publication—"Student Rays."

In the spring of 1913 he went to New York City to study art at the Art Students' League, enrolling for work with Foggarty, Blumensheim, Hayes-Miller and others. During the summer school held by the League in the Catskills he studied with John F. Carlson, the famous American landscape painter, and Walter Goltz. It was while he was painting with Carlson in the beautiful New York mountains that he got his urge to become a landscape artist. Though he studied figure, portrait, and illustration at the League, landscape remained his first love.

When he returned to Utah, Mr. Stewart soon became enamored of the sageland and the desert. As a result he has painted many fine canvases depicting those scenes, although he has also done some unusually fine spring, fall, and winter studies. He says the full, ripe greens of summer, inspirational to look upon, lose charm when they are transferred to the canvas.

Mr. Stewart has done considerable work in the Hawaiian, the Arizona, and the Canadian Temples. "Naturally I feel that the Church has been the real patron of the arts in Utah," said he, in a letter to the "Improvement Era," "and I owe a great deal to the opportunities given me in this direction. Here are, I believe, some of my best efforts in a purely creative way. This experience (painting rooms in the temples) has developed in me a strong interest in mural decoration and design."

Some of Mr. Stewart's work may be viewed in the Hotel Ben Lomond, Ogden, where he did several wall paintings, and also in the Ogden 11th Ward Chapel.

Besides being unusually interested in landscapes, Mr. Stewart also etches, carves wood-blocks for illustrative purposes, draws directly on the stone for lithographing purposes, and works with pastels and pen and ink.

For three days meetings are held in the beautiful Grove and on the Hill Cumorah. Greater devotion to duty, greater determination to carry on, and a more complete love of the Gospel come as a result of the Palmyra conference. And at this time, perhaps more than at any other, we feel that the best work on earth is that of the missionary and the best place to be working in is the Eastern States Mission. And to know that in every mission in the world the missionaries feel the same way brings an assurance that the preaching of the Gospel to the "nations of the earth" will be successfully carried on.

The Temple Square Mission

Continued from page 517

Referring to one of the guides, a tourist said: "He took away prejudice and substituted love." "This is the happiest day of my trip." "To be happy and inspired, come to Temple Block" are other comments heard by the guides.

With no known exception Elder Joseph S. Peery has had the privilege of making a direct personal appeal to more strangers than any other man in the history of the Church, having personally conducted over a million tourists on the "Block" in his twenty-four years of service as a missionary and guide. He is favorably known the world over. His earnest appeal on behalf of the missionaries out in the field has opened many doors in many lands that would otherwise have remained closed to the Gospel Message.

Apart

By Clara Peterson

BETWEEN the fields, now gray, now green,
And stretching toward the blue lined hills.
The highway runs, a ribbon thin.
T'is that my heart with longing fills.

My window frames a picture gay,
Of life that hurries on its way.
I do not know where people go,
Or why. But still, day after day,

The throng moves on and back again.
Most all the world is there, it seems.
But here alone, I sit and watch;
For I go only in my dreams.



Durham House, Liverpool, England, for years headquarters of the Church in Europe, has been sold and the headquarters have been moved to London.

A Boy's Farewell to Durham House

By
JOHN R. TALMAGE

ADIEU, old House, so dear unto our hearts,
Home of a thousand happy memories,
Thy long and faithful service now is done;
In thee no more shall pass our reveries—
A new tradition soon will be begun

In other, distant parts
To which we surely have to go. And now
We pause ere we depart to shed a tear
For thee and all thy charms to us so dear
And unto thee we give our solemn vow—

That ne'er shall we forget thee or thy name—
Be thou to us in likewise ever true:
Forget us not, nor lessons thou hast learn'd
From us; our message, ages old yet ever new,
Must ever stay with thee; its holy fire has burn'd

For centuries the same
To light the world and warm the hearts of men.
For Christ, who kindled it, directs its flame.
Thou hast this fire, and as to thee it came
So give't to all who pass within thy ken.

O home of our most cherished hopes and dreams,
O guardian of our fondest souvenirs,
O comforter in times of stress and strain,
Whose strength has helped to banish all our fears,
Whose peace has soothed the smarting of our pain.

As long as white moonbeams
Do light thy walls by night and stars look down
With shining, awful eyes from heaven above,
So long do thou bespeak our message: Love—
For of this word is fashioned God's own crown!

THE HOUSE SPEAKS:

Adieu, my friends; to me no less than you
This hour of parting brings a sad regret.
For through the years that you have been with me
I have known peace; the fevers which beset
My former masters everlastingly.

The tumult that they knew,
Are gone, and in their place there rests but joy,
A radiant, glorious, lovely happiness,
A song of praise to Him whose name we bless,
A treasure which no earthly ills can cloy!

THE BOY AGAIN:

Do senses play me false? are these but dreams?
Or have I heard aright? Can it be true—
Can these most ancient blocks of slate and stone,
These walls of brick with mortar running through—
Can such things speak? From them proceeds this tone

As now to me it seems?
But yes! The walls do speak! The words are theirs!
Their spirit wakes the echo of the past!
Speak on, O House!—Thy voice is found at last—
And tell me of thy joys, thy hopes, thy cares!

THE HOUSE ONCE MORE:

Ay! Walls do speak! What stories I could tell
Of days long past, of men now gone away,
Of children whose light feet have trod my floors,
Of scenes of faith and love which ever stay
With me! Each one who's passed my doors

And come in me to dwell
Has left his mark of friendship tried and true;
And in the years to come, this mark, this love
Shall be for me a sign from high above!
And now I cease: but one last word—Adieu!

AGAIN THE BOY:

The sound does fade and silence once more reigns;
For evermore these walls have lost their voice;
Yet in the few words spoken rests a tale
To make our hearts eternally rejoice:
For though the walls be battered by the gale

And man their peace profanes,
Yet never shall they lose the radiant glow
Of faith and love which they have surely found
Within our Gospel's splendid clarion sound
And which shall linger there always. I know.

So sometime in the past the Master came
And stood upon some humble pile of stone,
And from this eminence raised up His voice
To make His message to the people known,
To offer them the wondrous Gospel choice
Eternally the same;

And round Him gathered multitudes of men
Eager to catch the burning words of life,
Seeking to ease the burden of their strife:
He gave them rest, and then passed on again.

And after He had gone, the rocky pile
Where He had stood, from whose domain
The words of life had gone unto mankind,
Became a thing apart from all the plain,
Almost a thing alive; the sighing wind.

The flowers in stately file,
The grass so green, the radiance of the day,
All beautified this spot by sight or sound
And passers-by all sank unto the ground
To kneel in awe and say, "He passed this way!"



Bread & Milkweed

CHRISTINE opened the door expectantly:

"Mother—oh, mother! Are we going to have *pungkin* for dinner?"

"Why child," answered the woman addressed, as she looked up from the old wooden chest where she was hurriedly folding away odd pieces of clothing, "whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"But *are* we?" insisted Christine.

"I'm afraid not, dear. Your father says we must save the *pungkins* for winter. It's bound to be cold, you know, and there may not be much else to eat."

"But couldn't we have just one little one for Sunday? I don't see

why we have to wait until winter. We may all be dead by then!"

"Ah, Christina, don't say that! We still have grain to make bread with, and we're not going to starve as long as the cows keep on giving milk."

"But what if the cows don't keep on giving milk? I don't see how they can with what little they get to eat. Why couldn't father have let them have a bit of alfalfa when it was so nice and green out in the field?"

"Your father felt that he should save every bit of it for hay, Christina."

"Well, he's got it made into hay, hasn't he?—and put into a stack

out in the yard! Why can't he let them have just one little wisp to see how it tastes? And why can't we have *pungkin* for once? I watched father all yesterday afternoon while he brought the *pungkins* in from the field and then buried them out in the haystack. I thought sure he'd leave out one for dinner today. But no—we have to save them for winter! And the cows couldn't have the alfalfa because it had to be saved for hay, and now they can't have the hay because it has to be saved for cold weather. So they go on eating weeds—weeds—WEEDS! Guess they'll be giving milkweed, pretty soon!"



By
ORA LEWIS

Picture by
PAUL CLOWES

Because this bit of a sketch—it isn't really a story—written by a daughter of pioneers, reveals the red badge of courage worn by nearly all pioneers of this "hard land," we thought it appropriate for July.

Tired when she got back! Christine was tired already. She had been up at six to milk the cows, strain the milk and prepare it for delivering to the Mexicans who bought it from them regularly; then she had taken the cows out to the hills, where she left them to nibble green weeds in lieu of something better.

But Christine stopped speaking very suddenly, for there were tears in her mother's eyes.

"Oh, mother, I didn't mean to be mean. Honest I didn't! But it isn't so much fun to be Pi'neers, is it?" And then suddenly: "I'll tell you what let's do, mother! Let's make up a song about it."

It was the one way that the two had discovered to make even the most tragic situations seem laughable.

"All right," agreed mother, "but you'll have to start it."

And gaily Christine began:

"Milk, milk, soft as silk—"

"But Christina," interrupted her mother, "there's no other word in

the whole language to rhyme with *silk*."

"I'll have to start over then, sure enough. How's this?"

"Some like new milk—some like old—"

With never a pause her mother added, "Some like hot milk—some like cold—"

THE trick had worked its usual charm, and both were laughing in spite of themselves. Christine picked up the jingle:

"Some like sour milk—some like sweet—"

Mother hesitated a moment, and then catching the first inspiration,

without thought of where it might lead:

"But as for me what can't be beat—"

Christine, beaming with excitement, exclaimed: "Wait a minute! I think I've found a good chorus! Let's see if I can remember the first part." And she repeated hurriedly:

"Some like new milk,
Some like old,
Some like hot milk,
Some like cold,
Some like sour milk,
Some like sweet,
But as for me
What can't be beat, is

"Milkweed,
Milkweed,
Warm and white;
Bread and milkweed
Morn and night,
Night and morn
And morn and noon,
I'll be made of milkweed soon!"

"Maid-of-milkweed, is right,"
added mother significantly.

"Yes," laughed Christine, "but the milk-made maid-of-milkweed had better be getting along her milky way, or my poor Mejicanos won't even have 'leche' for dinner today. I wonder how you say *milkweed* in Spanish." Then as she picked up the buckets which stood waiting, she added, "I thought—or sort of hoped—that maybe father would deliver the milk this morning on his way to church."

"I didn't have the heart to ask him, Christina. The girls kept him waiting and he was out of patience when they finally got ready to go. You'll be pretty tired when you get back."

Tired when she got back! Christine was tired already. She had been up at six to milk the cows, strain the milk and prepare it for delivering to the Mexicans who bought it from them regularly; then she had taken the cows out to the hills, where she left them to nibble green weeds in lieu of something better, and had come back just in time to see her father and two older sisters driving away in the wagon to attend Sunday morning church.

Her father was kept very busy with church work, she reflected; always had been—she supposed he always would be. He was superintendent of the Sunday School. He had been a missionary, too. Everyone liked her father. He was a wonderful man. But Christine didn't get to see very much of him. He was not often at home.

She came to Mexican town, and with the usual good nature by which everyone knew her, took the milk from house to house, bestowing with it a cheerful "Buenos días" and a generous smile. She liked the Mejicanos. They liked her, too. She wondered what the Pi'neers would have done had it not been for the kindness of these dark skinned, friendly people. This *pi'neering* wasn't so much fun, she

reflected bitterly; and before she knew it was plunged into a deep pool of thought from which one usually emerges wet with tears:

If she had been a boy things would have been easier. But to be a girl and have to do a boy's work seemed at times unbearable. She wore boys' shoes, too. They didn't wear out as soon as girls' did. And she had borrowed a dress to have her picture taken in!

She wished her father had married Anna, the rich lady who was in love with him when he was a young man in Copenhagen, Denmark. Then they could have had a fine house with servants to help do the work and a hired man to milk the cows; there would have been cakes and candies, too, and new clothes for holidays—.

But no—her father was ambitious and adventurous, and had preferred to listen to the "missionary boys" from America who had talked about "leaving father and mother and brothers and sisters and loved ones," and of "fleeing to the tops of the mountains to build up Zion."

Build up Zion! That's what her father had been doing ever since he first came to Salt Lake City and married her mother. He had built houses and barns and wagons, and had been known as one of the finest workers on the big Mormon temple and round-roofed tabernacle. But just as he had finished building

houses for everybody else and at last started making one for himself. President Young called him in to his office to talk to him about another town that was called Provo. Provo was just a couple of days' team-drive away, he said, and the people were having a hard time to get established there. They needed some good builders—and would father go!

So father *did* go to Provo, and started again to build houses and barns and wagons and meeting-houses and tabernacles. But this time, even before he had got to the place where he might think of building a house for himself, there came another call. Would father go to some little-unheard-of town farther south; they needed him very much.

Once again he took himself and his family into "new worlds," and once again started building—building—building. This time he didn't wait quite so long as he had usually done to make a house for himself and his family; moreover, he built it with a perfection that had come with years of practice. It was a fine, two story white building with strange, carved-out-wood-things on the front porch. And he began to imagine that he would live in it for many years.

But one day there came a letter. It was a letter from President John Taylor; in it father was asked if he would go across the border line into Arizona, to help "build up Zion" there.

Daisy Time

By Lydia Hall

SAND hills that hold,
The sunset's brightest red,
And daisies white
By April showers fed:
Among the rocks
They show their faces bright,
I pick them all
With rapturous delight;
And listen to
The robin's melody;
'Tis daisy time
And lazy time for me!

Why should I work?
When skies are clear and blue;
And all the world,
Once more is bright and new;
And so I roam
In Spring, the flowery hills;
And dream beside
A little crystal rill;
And watch clouds sail,
"Like ships across the sea;"
'Tis daisy time
And lazy time for me!

WELL, there they were—all of them—had been for six months—might be for six months more—or six years—or six centuries, as it sometimes seemed—living in an old two-room adobe hut built by the Mexicans who had settled there "before the pi'neers came"—over a mile from town—nearly a mile to the nearest neighbor—and morning, noon, and night having nothing to eat but bread and milk, or bread and gravy, with sometimes a few strawberries for variation.

It was all so funny! She wanted to laugh, but the intensity of her misery was too perfect to be broken into by a mere moment of passing merriment. She must give it death some other way—.

Of course things wouldn't always be so bad. They couldn't be.

Continued on page 572

The Northern States Mission

By GEORGE S. ROMNEY

President



L. D. S. Chapel, University Branch, Chicago

AROUND the Great Lakes of North America and partially dependent upon them, are six states of the Middle West. The states, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, are peopled with 22,000,000 inhabitants. Their activities in the steel mills, furniture and automobile factories, coal mines, fruit orchards and corn fields, make this section a great hive of industry. Chicago, with its one million automobiles, its 1980 daily passenger trains, and 610 daily freight trains, and its many steamships pouring in from all points of the world, is the center of these great Northern States. Thousands of public and private institutions, grade schools and high schools, colleges and universities, are constantly transforming the raw human material into artists, musicians, doctors, and lawyers—molding and polishing to the highest culture our boasted civilization, which with all of its accomplishments yet lacks the fundamental elements which insure permanence.

Into this bustling, heedless atmosphere come the missionaries of

the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They are from the small towns and farms of the West. They are comparatively untrained in the learning and ways of the world. Though often bewildered and confused they are sustained by a faith and purpose to give the Gospel Message to these people who are so in need of it.

As it was in the days of our Master, when the whole Roman world was shouting the praises of their Imperial political rulers and worshipping their great Caesar as a god, while the lowly Nazarene, obscure and unnoticed, taught in one of the distant provinces, so it is in

the Northern States Mission. The missionaries go from door to door with their message, little heeded and practically unknown in this world of great events. Yet they are fulfilling again the parable of Jesus when he said, "Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God? It is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." This, then, is the task which is assigned to fifty missionaries distributed through six states.

Only eighty-seven years ago the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was building a city in Illinois. This city was located in

Missionaries, Northern States Mission, Chicago



one of the most beautiful spots in the State. On the bank of the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, Nauvoo was built. In this city, Nauvoo the Beautiful, the persecuted Saints for a time found comfort and peace. Under the leadership of Joseph Smith they built beautiful homes and erected a million dollar temple. But such comfort could not last. Religious and political persecution arose and the Mormons were treated as a vile and despicable people. Mob forces murdered the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, destroyed their temple and city, and drove the Saints from their state.

NOW the picture is a very different one. Those men of spirit who were driven from their homes eighty-seven years ago settled in the West. Again they struggled and builded, and conquered; again they built a temple; and as they labored they taught their children the Gospel message. These children, having grown strong in the faith of their fathers, have returned to these Northern States and are teaching, as their fathers taught, the message of the Lord to the people.

Seventy-eight years ago the Northern States Mission was established. Since that time thousands of people in these States have listened to the teaching of the principles of Mormonism. With sixty branches established in the eleven districts of the Mission, and more than seven thousand members enrolled in Mission records, the activity and growth steadily increases. The Relief Society organizations spiritually and materially aid the needy; the Mutual Improvement Associations conduct educational classes, contests and social activities; the Sunday Schools and Primaries teach the Gospel and train the youth of the Mission. The old prejudice and hatred of Mormonism is disappearing and newspaper men, radio men, and club leaders are glad to publish favorable comments on the accomplishments of those once despised and rejected.

In almost every city of the Northern States Mission, the missionaries are being aided in preaching the Gospel, by learned and educated men who are members of the Church. In the past the tide of emigration was from the Branches in the Mission to the central Stakes of Zion. Now the

tide has turned. Utah is overflowing and many highly trained and technical men, who are fixed in the faith of their fathers, are found in the industries and educational institutions of the Northern States; and they are teaching by precept and example, that the principles of Mormonism are true. These men are singing and speaking on radio programs; they are lecturing in University class rooms and before clubs; they are writing and publishing articles; they are being recognized in educational centers as outstanding and intelligent men. And now comes to the Church one of the greatest opportunities that it has ever known, to show to millions of people the teachings, ideals, faith and accomplishments of Mormonism. This opportunity is found in the occasion of the World's Fair, being held from June 1st to November of this year.

In the Hall of Religions, which is near the center of the Century of Progress World's Fair Grounds, in Chicago, the Latter-day Saints are building a splendid memorial. In a spacious room, softened by many colored lights and filled with the peaceful atmosphere of the Spirit of the Gospel, will be displayed beautiful works of art exemplifying the History of the Church and its teachings. The central figure, sculptured by an L. D. S. renowned artist, Avarad Fairbanks, of the University of Michigan, represents "Eternal Progress." The World Exposition is called "A Century of Progress" and "in this beautiful figure the Church calls attention to one of the most profound principles of intellectual thought, which is the 'eternity of progress.' Inscribed on the two sides of this figure are the words: 'The Glory of God is Intelligence.' Inscribed on the wall above the figure and flanking each side of the figure of progress will be the figures which represent the principal ideas as follows: Spiritual Guidance and Activities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which will be represented by the figures in the two panels reading from the figure of 'Eternal Progress' outward. The panel to the left shows: Social Advancement by means of Spiritual Culture and Social Service. The panel to the right shows: Individual Advancement by means of Home Culture and Creative Recreation."

THE paintings will be in a frieze at the upper part of the display room. They will show how the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, Illinois, in the middle of winter; how they suffered the hardships of exposure at Winter Quarters; how they finally reached the West, conquered the dryness of the desert soil, and through irrigation, made the desert blossom as a rose. The titles of the panels are:

1. Nauvoo the Beautiful, 1846. Population 20,000. Population of Chicago, then, 200.
2. Exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois.
3. Winter Quarters (Florence, Nebraska).
4. The Pioneer Train on its March to the West.
5. The Handcart Company.
6. The Encampment on the Plains.
7. The Mormon Battalion.
8. The Pioneers Entering Salt Lake Valley.
9. Winter in the Valley.
10. First Irrigation of Anglo-Saxons in America.
11. The Desert Blossoms as a Rose."

The paintings are to be completed by J. B. Fairbanks, Pioneer Artist of the West.

"The two stained glass window illuminated panels represent: The Angel Moroni showing the Golden Plates of the Book of Mormon to Joseph Smith. Inscription: 'And thy speech shall whisper out of the dust.'

"The Temple and Elijah. Inscription: 'Behold I will send Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.'

Professor J. Leo Fairbanks, Professor of Art at Oregon State College, has designed the windows.

Professor Avarad Fairbanks, who is the designer and sculptor, is the Associate professor of Art at the University of Michigan, and has received many distinctions, both in our country and abroad. J. B. Fairbanks, his father, is one of our best known and loved pioneer artists of the West. Professor J. Leo Fairbanks, professor of Art at the Oregon State College, has also won many honors and titles in the world of art.

The Growth of Mormonism in *California*

By

CUMA MADSEN



Left: San Bernardino Branch, California Mission.



Right: Mission Home, California Mission.

IN this wonderland of sunshine and flowers overlooking the calm of the Pacific, missionaries have, for the past half century, proclaimed the truths of the restored Gospel.

During the 17th and forepart of the 18th Centuries, Catholic Fathers entered this fair land. Today one sees markers along the highway which chart the course of those early religionists, and the various missions erected by them so long ago stand as evidences of their accomplishments.

Likewise, less than a century ago, Latter-day Saints entered this land, and today as one travels its length and breadth he sees over fifty Latter-day Saint chapels which depict the achievements of our people and stand as edifices of merit to the Church.

Because of its natural mineral resources and the productivity of its soil, because of its picturesque scenery and balmy climate, California, in the history of the nation, attracted the attention of every class of people. Early migrations brought thousands

into this territory. Today every nation and creed is represented here.

A small number of Latter-day Saints found their way into this country as early as the time of the Mormon Battalion. Later on, when the pioneers settled in Utah under the direction of Brigham Young, some thought the trials and hardships there were too great and so they moved on, finally reaching this state. Many of them remained true and faithful and were outstanding factors in promoting this great latter-day work and building up the Church in this section.

Where California Elders Walk



Others lacked the pioneer courage and stamina. Some of them affiliated themselves with other religious denominations, and some, like thousands throughout the nation, gave way to the lure of the glittering gold nuggets, letting their religion take a secondary place in their life. Under such conditions, the California Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ was organized.

The first missionary to enter this field was Elder John L. Dalton, who arrived in August, 1892. He began his labors in and around Oakland and was successful in baptizing many into the Church. The membership grew rapidly until it was thought expedient to organize a branch and so, on October 2, 1892, the first branch of the mission was organized.

With this successful start, missionary work has grown and flourished and California has proved to be a most fruitful field.

Elder Karl G. Maeser, first president of Brigham Young University, was called to preside over the mission in Jan-

uary, 1894. During his presidency, missionary work was introduced in the southern part of the state.

Since the release of President Maeser, who served but for a short period of time, five men of wisdom and sound judgment have presided as presidents of the mission, namely: Henry S. Tanner, E. H. Nye, Joseph E. Robinson, Joseph W. McMurrin, and Alonzo A. Hinckley.

During the administration of President Joseph E. Robinson, mission headquarters was moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. Under the direction of President Robinson the mission home was built in Los Angeles.

THE late President Joseph W. McMurrin will ever be remembered as the great chapel builder because it was during his presidency that so many of our chapels were built, and to him also credit is duly given for the establishment of a large number of branches and the organization of three stakes.

Sixteen months ago, President Alonzo A. Hinckley was chosen to succeed President McMurrin. In the beginning of his administration, he found the mission rapidly approaching a critical condition because of the ever depleting but seldom reinforced missionary corps. The regular missionaries in the field numbered slightly more than thirty as compared with a maximum of over two hundred and twenty-five in 1928. Under President Hinckley's wise jurisdiction, one hundred and forty local part-time missionaries have been called and they have established an excellent record in missionary work. To many of them, their call as a missionary has meant the realization of a life-long desire.

An outstanding system of government is found in the California Mission. It is composed of nine districts, each presided over by an experienced Elder. These districts are sub-divided into sixty branches, at the head of which stands a branch president and his two counselors. With such a complete organization, the work of the mission is carefully supervised by President Hinckley through these various branch and district presidents.

Early in the history of the mission, the necessity and benefits of

the auxiliary organizations were realized. Sunday Schools, Mutuals, Primaries, and Relief Societies were established. Mission auxiliary officers supervise the work of these organizations directly from mission headquarters. Recent statistics show that there are thirty-nine branch and thirty neighborhood Primaries in the mission with an enrollment of over fifteen hundred children, four hundred and fifty of whom are non-members. Forty-two regular and six project Mutuals are functioning splendidly with a total membership of over two thousand. The Sunday Schools of the mission show an equally admirable record. Because of the growth of the auxiliary organizations, boards have been established in several of the larger districts. These afford local supervision and aid materially in the development and efficiency of the various organizations.

SISTER ROSE R. HINCKLEY, wife of President Hinckley, is President of the Relief Societies of the mission and, under her jurisdiction, much good is being accomplished in this work. The sisters of this organization have proved their willingness to serve and to sacrifice, especially during this time when so many are in need.

The *Calimis*, which is the California Mission news bulletin, is

published monthly at mission headquarters. This publication serves to acquaint all missionaries with what is being accomplished throughout the mission. The *Mutual Message*, the *Sunday School Signal* and the *Primary Counselor* are auxiliary organization periodicals which are also published at mission headquarters and which contain instructions to the auxiliary officers throughout the mission.

Within the boundaries of this great mission, which includes California, Nevada and Arizona, there are 31,000 Latter-day Saints, 19,000 of whom belong to organized stakes and 12,000 to the mission.

People are hungering for a religion that will give them comfort and assurance in their present depressed condition. Many of them have expressed themselves as having found in the Gospel, as taught by the Mormons, an answer to their most perplexing questions. Missionaries are being received with welcome in a large percentage of the homes and new channels are being opened on every hand whereby the Gospel might be preached.

We acknowledge the merciful and guiding hand of the Lord in all that has been accomplished and we pray for a continuance of His blessings that even greater achievements may be attained in the future.

"Eighty-four"

MISSIONARIES of the British Mission are being challenged by circumstances. As each month passes this challenge is brought before us even more forcefully. The latest cry is "eighty-four." Just eighty-four representatives in this land of fifty million souls, preaching the greatest message the world has ever known.

Have we an answer for this challenge? Have we a slogan we can unfurl in the face of the wind of circumstance that is sweeping the earth? A slogan which will prove an answer to even the greatest of challenges? Yes! Our answer lies in the fact that we, as the tiny handful of active members of the B. M. A., shall be "*Men of God*." We will labor with a diligence that is becoming to chosen servants of God. We will maintain a humility that will make us fit instruments

for the use of the Great Master of Men. We will be true to ourselves and our calling. We will stand erect in the fullness of our stature, head back, eyes flashing with the light of truth, and body tingling with a burning testimony. We will be added upon by a power that will enable us to meet any worldly challenge. We will be "*Men of God*."

Eighty-four picked men, like the forces of Gideon of old, will carry the responsibility. Great is our work. Great be the glory if we are true to our calling. Great be our condemnation if we dishonor our responsibility.

The eighty-four members of the B. M. A. can and will answer any call and meet all challenges the troubled world has to offer.—Russell S. Ellsworth.

Northwestern States MISSION

By

DOW OSTLUND

FROM the frigid coasts of the famous "Nome Beach" to the warmer climes of southern Oregon, over a varied reach of country, stretches the Northwestern States Mission. From its prolific fruit trees in the south, and its bounteous wheat fields on the east, to its valuable fishing grounds on the north, and of course not excluding its vast timber resources along the western coast, it offers one vast field, ripening fast, for the reapers to work in. In this case, however, the crop is neither fruit, nor grain, nor lumber, but it is souls. In order that you might become better acquainted with the methods we are using in the reaping I shall explain some of them to you.

First of all let me tell you of some of the methods we employ to contact the people. We have found that to meet modern problems successfully we must use modern methods and ideas, and what could be more modern than the radio. People who are ordinarily too busy to talk with someone at their front door, or are in too much of a hurry to listen to a street meeting, usually have a little time to listen to their radio in the evening, and to ponder over what they hear. Then if we are able to reach them in that manner, with a song, or an interesting talk, it is usually possible to visit them in their homes and further explain the principles of the gospel to them.

For almost three years now our missionaries have been using the radio. This year, however, we have concentrated our efforts on it a little more, and its effects are being

widely felt. In the Oregon District we are in the midst of a series of broadcasts entitled "Pages From History," and in keeping with the



President and Mrs. Wm. R. Sloan (front center) and Missionaries of Northwestern States Mission.

title it deals with the early civilizations of Book of Mormon times. Through it much good is being accomplished.

Not to be outdone, however, the Saints of the Mission are also active. On the afternoon of the 26th of February a choir of one hundred fifty voices assembled from all parts of the Mission, gathered in the City of Seattle, and for one hour blended their voices in song. This program was broadcast over the three National Broadcasting Company stations of the Northwest and its results are still being encountered. Then as the crowning glory of our M. I. A. season came the annual

contests. In the Great Falls division of the organization their splendid contest was broadcast over the radio. In the Western divisions the contest events were spread over a period of two days. The first was set aside for the stories, drama, and operetta, with the second reserved for the speaking.

The people were gathered from all over the western part of the Mission and a great cultural and educational feast was enjoyed. We were particularly honored in this contest with the presence of Elder Richard R. Lyman, member of the council of the Twelve and first assistant in the M. I. A. General Superintendency, and Brother W. O. Robinson, field secretary of the M. I. A. Both of these brethren expressed themselves as being greatly pleased with the calibre of the

events, and that their pleasure was justifiable is evidenced by the fact that our contestants were victorious in all but two of the events in the District contest, and our operetta, original waltz couple, and our fox trot couple have been invited to participate as the sectional winners in the Church finals in June. We have received a great deal of favorable publicity through these events, and we feel that they have done an immeasurable amount of good.

To carry on with this work, and to make the contacts thus established of the greatest value, we are using the Book of Mormon a great deal. The reading of this sacred book has been greatly stressed in this Mission and the results are pleasing.

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"The Revolt Against God"

By

PRESIDENT B. H. ROBERTS

THE article with the above title, "The Revolt Against God," appears in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, published in New York City. The author of this article is Stanley High, who represents himself as a minister "of a more than ordinarily loyal church," though confessing that normally the Sunday service brings out not more than twenty per cent of the total membership. His outlook upon the status of religion is broad and not at all sectarian in its character. He quotes liberally from individuals, from organized religion, reports of conferences, etc.; but generalizes from these sources of information the justification of his title to the article as representing the modern Christian church's "revolt against God."

Starting with a quotation from H. G. Wells, the noted author of "The Outline of History," saying, as Mr. High puts it, with evident regret, that "great multitudes of us are living in a state of faded religiosity." Then Mr. Wells continuing: "The formal religious organizations of the Atlantic world are little more than the spiritualized husks and trappings of long-abandoned efforts to begin a new way of life for mankind."

"The fact appears," says Mr. High, "to justify that conclusion, the drift of the times is away from religion and particularly away from the organized religion of the church. * * * The most pressing and certainly the most frequently raised question in ecclesiastical circles is not: How may the energies of the church be directed? but, How may the church itself be energized? The choice which once lay between different forms of faith now seems to lie between any faith and none at all.

"Despite the long-held doctrine of theologians that man is 'incurably religious,' a vast and increasing number of people are demonstrating that he is not. Most of these people are not active unbelievers, they have not left the church to join the Society for the Advancement of Atheism; some of them have not left the church at all. If pressed they would probably

A world view of the status of the Christian religion more than one hundred years after Joseph Smith's revelation from God upon that world status; in which revelation it was declared that the creeds of Christendom were an abomination in God's sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that they drew near to him with their lips, but their hearts were far from him; they taught for doctrine the commandments of men; they had a form of godliness but denied the power thereof. The Prophet for these reasons was forbidden to join any of the sects; at the same time receiving a promise that the fullness of the gospel would at some future time be made known unto him; and it was; the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints being the sequence of that promise. (This is a companion commentary article to "What College Did To My Religion" in the March number of the "Era.")

confess to some obscure but unconsulted convictions which might be identified as religious. Normally, however, they are indifferent to the whole matter. * * * They do not revolt against God, they simply ignore him."

THEN Mr. High tells of a newspaper man who recently made a sixteen thousand mile tour through the American country-side. He went out to meet "the people."

He asked them many questions, among others, what they were getting from their religion in these disturbed times. Only one man, he reports, said that his church and his God were a prop to him. Nowhere did he encounter a genuine religious feeling. Everywhere he encountered skepticism, distrust, amusement at the beliefs of their fathers. Christianity was hardly to be considered at all as a force in American life, in directing its currents or desires.

Next is quoted a clubwoman in a small city of the Middle West, who was "chagrined at the discovery that she alone, among her acquaintances, seemed to have any vital interest in religion. She began with the members of her own reading circle—a more than ordinarily intelligent group of women—of these none went regularly to church, although on an average each gave at least half a day a week to bridge. Religion means nothing significant to any of them and religious activity had no definite place in their lives." She also examined a circle beyond this immediate group and reported of the clever women of her acquaintance: "I am willing to wager," she says, "that ten have read a dozen books on psychology since one has read the New Testament from cover to cover. They think clearly and deeply on every subject, but some door of their minds is closed and bolted to religion."

Then turning from individuals to organized religion Mr. High claims that: "The church itself provides significant witnesses to the same conclusion." A Quaker, Dr. Rufus Jones, recently led a more than ordinarily important group of churchmen in a study of the health of the church in America. "Their data

somewhat less personal and more penetrating than those of the clubwoman * * * led to approximately the same opinion. 'Organizations, surveys, practical results,' the Jones report declares, 'absorb the mind and in the change of focal interest the meaning has dropped out of those words with which miracles once were wrought.'

Then Mr. High quotes a letter from a lay member of one of America's largest denominations. This man is a resident of a substantial Mid-Western city and the head of a successful business concern, who sat in on the ecclesiastical councils and served on the boards and commissions of his church. Recently he was sent to the national meeting of the denomination, and it was after his return from this gathering that he wrote to Mr. High: "I would be in a happier frame of mind, if I had stayed at home. If this conference was a cross section of the best that the church has to offer, then I am in despair about the church. Mind you, there was nothing missing from the set-up. We sang the right hymns, offered prayer at the right places, called on the right men to make our devotional addresses, we went through all the religious motions, but I could not escape the feeling that we were shadow-boxing. * * * I went to this conference convinced that we needed a revival of vital religion to save the world. I have come away from the conference convinced that we need such a revival to save the church."

ALSO Mr. High quotes a distinguished English clergyman who predicted a few months ago that "nothing short of a revival could stay the decline in the influence of the church in Great Britain in the hold of religion upon the people."

Another Englishman, a Mr. C. E. M. Joad, in his book "The Present, and Future of Religion," one of the religious best sellers, declared that in England, "a hundred years ago when one of the new towns of the industrial revolution sprang up, man's first concern was provision for their religious needs and, if they were free churchmen, a levy for the chapel was one of the first charges they felt called upon to meet. * * * Today nobody spares the money to build new chapels for the same reason that nobody would attend them if they were built. As for the church of England, even if there were churches and congregations to fill them, which there are not, there would not be enough clergymen to attend to the congregations. It is difficult, indeed it is impossible, to keep up the existing numbers of the clergy and the supply of recruits falls off year by year."

"In the United States," continues Mr. High, "the statistics seem to be on the side of the optimists. When I read the layman's letter, quoted above, to a minister of my acquaintance, he boldly denied that the church was in need of saving and for proof directed me to the gains in church membership in this country [U. S.] in 1931. Unquestionably those gains made an impressive showing, never before in history had American Protestantism equaled in a single year the 433,000 increase reported in 1931, and never before in one hundred and thirty years in which accurate records have been kept, had the ratio of church membership to total population been so high. Nevertheless I did not accept the advice of this clergyman and pass on this report to my lay friend. I rather doubted whether, looking at things as he did, he would find

much comfort in statistics, or that he would be willing to concede that a completely satisfactory church audit could be made by a certified public accountant. Moreover, it appeared to me," continues our minister, "to be slightly unorthodox, that a ministry should find such easy refuge in figures. In the churches of my youth and particularly in the sparsely attended prayer meetings, there was one verse of scripture that was almost always quoted and always applied either during the prayers or in the course of the testimony meeting. Someone was sure to fall back upon that passage from the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, which reads: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them.' There was something re-assuring about that. That verse established our independence of the yard-sticks by which normal human measurements were made and seemed to draw us a bit closer to its author, whose ministry from a statistical point of view was a terrible failure. * * * The average meeting of a church board is four-fifths a matter of budget, and one-fifth—a scant one-fifth—a matter of message. * * * The church, too, follows its ticker-tape. * * * Historically the Christian church has been strongest at the periods of its greatest numerical weakness."

Then reference is made by Mr. High to the "first century Christian church" and of it says:

"The church in that early period was composed of recreated [born-again] individuals. Those individuals were out to recreate society. They were therefore a disruptive influence and remained so until with the conversion of Constantine their resources increased and their numbers multiplied. The church then passed out of the catacombs, the catacomb-spirit in large measure passed out of the church, and the age-long history of worldly reckonings, of compromise, and of shadow-boxing began."

THEN speaking of successive revivals—that of Martin Luther, John Wesley, Dwight L. Moody, and so on, he adds: "Organized religion has neither been significantly shaken nor fundamentally changed by any of them, and yet today it stands in greater need of shaking and of change than in many generations."

Mr. High refers to a commission of distinguished Protestant laymen who last year went from the United States to study the status of religion and particularly, of the Christian missions and Christianity in Asia. "Their report which has been more widely discussed than any religious document in a generation, declares that not Christianity alone, but all religion in these lands is making a *losing fight* against unbelief. Christianity's future arguments will be less with Islam or Hinduism or Buddhism than with materialism, secularism, naturalism. 'What,' asked these laymen, 'becomes of the issues between the merits of one sacred text and another when the sacredness of all texts is being denied. Why compare Mohammed and Buddha when all the utterances of religious intuition are threatened with discard in the light of practical reason? It is no longer *which* prophet or *which* book; it is whether *any* prophet, book, revelation, rite, church, is to be trusted?"

Representing conditions in Germany our writer says: "The largest and most active anti-religious order in Germany is not the Communist League of

Proletarian Freethinkers. * * * This league is under the official wing of the social democratic party—which up to the elections of 1932 has been the strongest single party in the Reichstag and at present is second only to that of Hitler's National-Socialists. It is a significant fact that two of the three largest parties in the German Republic stand sponsor for organized atheism and carry definite anti-religious planks in their political platforms. The German League has an active membership totaling over seven hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand German children are enrolled in its schools of atheism. In every section of Germany it has carried on a persistent drive against the Church."

COMMENT is also made by our author of a drift away from religion in both Spain and France, but of lesser emphasis than this German situation. The article being reviewed among many other things is generously sprinkled with statements to the same effect as all this that has gone before. One young preacher of Mr. High's acquaintance says of the consciousness of religious feeling: "We have the space, but it is not used; we have the resources, but they are not working; we have the message but it is not preached. It is no wonder that so many people find it so easy to get along without the church."

Again: "The fact that Protestantism in the United States is divided into some two hundred denominations constitutes the supreme testimony of religion of its own ineffectiveness. * * * Organized religion for a long time has been marching forth to war. But it has been a civil war. * * * Out of this welter of denominationalism, a distinctive if not distinguished type of leadership has flowered."

A Mr. Shephard is quoted as saying: "The church is a caricature of what Christ intended."

Mr. High again says: "The impressive thing about most of our orthodox religious routine is its other-worldliness and the significant fact about much of the other-worldliness is that it provides not a line of action but a way of escape. The churches as Mr. Wells and the communists agree, are serving to 'allay restlessness, silence uneasy questionings, and re-assure by their atmosphere of conviction and ultimate knowledge'."

It must have been some such thought as this that prompted the utterance of one Dr. P. O. Bersell of Ottumwa, Iowa, President of the Iowa Lutheran Conference, attending an inter-district conference in Salt Lake City, who was quoted as saying: "Religious interest is at high tide and the church today is finding itself more than at any time in this generation." (*Salt Lake Tribune*, May 17, 1933.) Such a remark, in view of Mr. High's "Revolt Against God" article, can only be a faint imitation of whistling to keep up one's courage in relation to things religious that do not exist.

This reminds one of Froude's description of conditions religiously in the days of Julius Caesar at the close of Roman Paganism, just previous to the induction of the Christian Era, when he says:

"Religion, once the foundation of the laws and rule of personal conduct, had subsided into opinion. The educated in their hearts disbelieved it. Temples were still built with increasing splendor; the established forms were scrupulously observed. Public men spoke conventionally of Providence, that they might throw on their opponents the odium of impiety; but

of genuine belief that life had any serious meaning, there was none remaining beyond the circle of the silent, patient, ignorant multitude. The whole spiritual atmosphere was saturated with cant—cant moral, cant political, cant religious; an affectation of high principle which had ceased to touch the conduct, and flowed on in an increasing volume of insincere and unreal speech. The truest thinkers were those who, like Lucretius, spoke frankly out their real convictions, declared that Providence was a dream, and that man and the world he lived in were material phenomena, generated by natural forces out of cosmic atoms, and into atoms to be again resolved." (Froude's *Caesar*, p. 7.)

THIS description of the Pagan status of religion is now paralleled by the status of the Christian religion in this present century, 1933, and as the fair outside and pompous celebration of Pagan rites, the increasing splendor of temples that were thronged by worshippers, yet all this did not dispel the fact that Paganism was rotting at the core and no longer accounted a real force in the lives of the people. Rome had ceased to be influenced by the virtues of its own Paganism, so also is it in respect of the statistical reports and the outside forms of pseudo Christianity.

Mr. High again says, speaking of the United States: "Here, then, is a further reason for this drift from religion. The church means little in the life of many people because it seems to them to offer so little to the life of the world."

Again: "A considerable number of churchmen * * * seem prepared to admit that organized religion is widely important; that the faith and the faithful are both in need of a powerful stimulant. And the religious skies are daily scanned by these in the hope of some sign that a new day of faith is at hand. To date, however, the skies have not offered much by way of encouragement. In fact, many religious leaders are frankly bewildered because in the present crisis there has been no significant turning to religion. * * * There is a frequently quoted phrase to the effect that Man's extremity is God's opportunity. * * * There is little evidence that the Church has been able to capitalize them for him. The depression whatever else it has done does not appear to have appreciably increased the number of those who believe that religion can help to make their burdens more bearable or to hasten them more surely to the place where burdens can be laid down."

THERE is much more in the article to the same effect. I have only quoted a few of the high points of Mr. High's article, but surely these excerpts represent the religious status of the Christian world in this year of grace, 1933, a very inefficient and impotent institution, and is serried by testimony that the Christian religious world has not changed from that characterization given of it by revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith more than a hundred years ago. The significance of this testimony, as to the religious status of the Christian world—and it is taken for granted that other religions of the generally so-called heathen faiths, do not count—is that it supplies the Church of the New Dispensation with an abiding conviction that the world still needs the New Dispensation of the Gospel, for which *Continued on page 568*



"Old Man River," From An Old Wood Cut

The CENTRAL STATES MISSION

By
SAMUEL O. BENNION
President

THE field covered by the Central States Mission comprises the four states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Arkansas, with a combined population of over nine and three-quarter millions of people. The Mission is divided into seven districts, within which are twenty-three organized branches and a goodly number of independent auxiliaries. With two exceptions, the branches are presided over by local brethren.

The headquarters of the Mission is located at Independence, Missouri. The Mission office is in the rear of the Independence chapel building, with the Mission home adjoining. The Church owns fourteen of its meetinghouses, and twenty-seven halls are rented in different parts of the Mission as additional meeting places for the Saints. The latest chapel to be erected is at Northern Heights, Kansas City, Missouri, which was dedicated before the end of May by Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve.

With the coming of spring there

was increased activity in the work throughout the Mission. The missionaries are being better received than at any time in the past. In both urban and rural districts many of the people have a good deal of enforced leisure, on account of the lack of employment. Golden opportunities are thus offered for missionary work, if only we had the missionaries to labor in all of these inviting fields.

There is more activity manifest among the auxiliary organizations of the Mission than ever. The feeling prevails that the shortage of missionaries makes a call on the local members such as has not come to them before. As a result, there is a marked readiness to respond to any and every call that is made of them by the President of the Mission.

The Relief Societies have responded generously to the many calls for assistance on the part of those suffering from unemployment. The members of the Church who have steady employment or means of support have shown a

readiness to contribute freely of their means that provision may be made for those in need. The presidencies of the various branches of the Mission report that as a rule their membership is contributing generously in the line of fast offerings. The means forthcoming from these sources has done much to alleviate the prevailing distress.

The forty-two Sunday Schools in the Mission are doing good work. With the aid of the excellent lessons that are provided by the General Board, the principles of the Gospel are being efficiently taught to both old and young by a corps of earnest workers. Interest in the Sunday School work has been markedly increased since the organization of the Mission Sunday School Board. Through this instrumentality the principles of teaching have been explained more fully to the workers and much has been done to secure greater uniformity in the Sunday Schools of the Mission. The officers and teachers of the branches accessible to the board have given it their

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Farmer Gone Wrong

By

RALPH HARVARD OLSON

SOMEONE says "out in the country on a farm" and we think of freshness and fragrance, clear air and wild flowers, and hay fever. Just let it stand as it is. That is a better picture of Sadie Ross than we could have painted if we had started with her first.

She was born and reared a farmer and for all her sweetness and fairness, her freshness and fragrance, we must not make the tempting mistake of calling her a popular girl. Sadie's only fault seemed to be her chatter. She insisted on doing all the talking for everybody.

When there was nothing important to say, which was most of the time, she literally stuffed this otherwise pleasant pause with stories of the Ross homestead. Her friends soon learned through repetition all there was to know about farming, and began to make excuses to leave whenever Sadie arrived. She was vaguely conscious of this increasing coolness but could never stop talking long enough to realize her mistake.

Her lonesomeness was increased because she was forced to enter college two years behind the class she had known in high school, having stayed at home so that her sister, Clara, might go through business college and then help the others through. Clara thanked them by getting married and moving out of the state. Sadie left for the State University the next fall with high hopes and little money. Both of which were soon blasted.

Most of her ideas about college had been gleaned from stories she had read in *Campus Life*, and like most story book ideas, when brought in contact with the real thing, were shown to be a total bust. That was the word they used anyway.

During that fall term she was asked out four times by four different boys. Each time she was sure they wouldn't come back, and they didn't. Sadie didn't know just why. After each of these events she would bury herself in her work. Her marks soon became the talk of the class and she was envied by girls whom she envied. The boys she didn't like called her brainy; the boys she liked called her dumb. Now just where is the consistency in that? Then one Friday afternoon at the beginning of the spring term something happened. It always does if you live long enough.

BLANCHE, her roomie, came up the stairs and into the room displaying some of that agility used by people finding shelter during air raids:

"Get into something in a hurry! We can't wait for a thing. You have a date with Bill's friend whether you like it or not. We're going over to Center for the tennis matches and then to dinner. Yes, that's good enough. Come on."

They went down the stairs two at a time. Blanche, wearing one of those will-he-like-it-or-will-he-not expressions so commonly worn by Freshmen girls with a blind date in tow, pulled Sadie out to the car.

"Sadie, let me present Bill and his friend, Mr. Nevett. They call her 'Brains' when they want some notes or the right answer."

They all smiled and Bill said, "Let's get in, or we'll miss the first match."

When they were seated and on the way, Lowell, as his name turned out to be, began, "I'm sorry we didn't know about this sooner; but Bill brought me with as much warning as you had. I hope you didn't mind."

"I liked it," she said, "I was wishing for something like this ever since lunch."

"Tell me about yourself." (Mr. Nevett should have known better than that.)

"Nothing to tell. What about you?" (Wise girl! A good start, but beware!)

"Go ahead. I'm interested in people." That opening given once to a farmer is a mistake, twice is a blunder which will never be passed up.

Sadie talked. She let down the bars of her homesickness and talked on and on. It was good for her while it lasted but these things never last, although Mr. Nevett began to wonder. She told him about home, the family, the secrets, and about everything except the things that might interest anyone but herself.

LOWELL NEVETT listened to all this rustic, homespun patter with a polite, sophisticated boredom. It was the thing to do, to be polite and sophisticated and bored, besides, this corn-fed mama was a bit refreshing after the campus babies he knew, all of whom said the same things and acted like anybody but themselves.

When they were home and alone Blanche said, "Well?"

"I think he's swell. He's not a bit like the other boys around here. I wonder how I made the grade?"

"Bill seems to think he had a good time. I'm glad you liked it; you've been working too hard. We might go out a lot; it's lots more fun with four."

As they were getting in bed Blanche hazarded, "What did you talk about? You seemed to be pretty well wound up every time I saw you."

"Oh everything. I guess I did

most of the talking, but he didn't seem to mind. I'd like to ask him to the class dance next week end. Are you taking Bill?"

"Yes, I asked Bill if Lowell would be busy and he said he didn't think so. I'll get Bill to ask him if you like."

"Like? I'd love it."

They went to the dance. Sadie talked again. Mr. Nevet talked a little. It seemed he was not in school that term, he was working for an advertising agency in town.

After the dance they went for a long ride, finally landing at some lunch room by the car barns for scrambled eggs. At the sight of the eggs Sadie was reminded of another story about the hay stack. Mr. Nevet listened and ate; Blanche coughed; Bill sighed, ever so slightly.

On their way home Sadie made up her mind that this must be love, and she told Blanche about it when they were alone. Blanche was silent and then said: "Not so fast! Not so fast! Been out with him twice and known him a week."

"I don't care. I like him, and I'll bet he knows it. He knows everything else."

Blanche suggested that she sleep it off.

The next morning Blanche's brother, Peter Rowley, came to eat the cake that Mrs. Rowley had sent to Blanche and Sadie. Pete was what is known by young people as a good egg. Not too good to look at and not too bad, not too bright, but bright enough. He was a senior.

"I hear you babes are going out with Bill and Doo Dad Nevet," Pete offered between pieces of cake.

"Doo Dad? Why the Doo Dad?" asked Blanche.

"I dunno. Why the Pete, when the folks named me Hubert? All the same principle. I still think it's funny what dames will pick up with once they break the home ties."

"You at least can't call those boys cake eaters," put in Blanche. That may not have been the best answer but it saved the rest of the cake.

"Go roll your dough," said Pete through the last mouthful.

"Well, I'll see you in the next bonus march."

"Someone came and sat on the other side of the palm. A girl was saying something."



Thanks for the cake. Come and see us some time."

When Pete had gone, Blanche made excuses for the amount of cake he could eat and the way he acted in general. They finished up the morning talking about "the things girls pick up with once they break the home ties."

THE next week Bill invited them all down to his home. There wasn't much to do but swim in the hot plunge. Sadie didn't play bridge and didn't play tennis and didn't do much of anything but talk. So Sadie and Lowell went for a hike; this she did almost too well for him. By this time she was sure it was love. They sat down where they could see the changes spring was bringing to the whole valley. Just the place to make farmer girls say the wrong thing.

They talked about how beautiful the hills were and Sadie said they reminded her of the farm. Lowell changed the subject to friendships and Sadie got herself all tangled up and blurted out that she loved him before she knew what she had done.

Lowell said that he liked her a lot and didn't they think they should be getting back. All in all the afternoon turned out to be what is known by younger people as a damp smack.

When they got back it was time to pack. Sadie felt bad. Life has never been very fair to farmers, take the farm board and all. On the way home Lowell asked her to a Country Club dance. After she had accepted she realized it was the first time he had ever asked her out and that she had already told him she loved him. She tried to think up things to say to put him at ease and found she couldn't. She wondered why he had asked her.

The next morning she felt as she did after all her other experiences since she came to school. She went at the books with that grim determination that lumberjacks go for the tall timber. She knocked an "A" out of Business English and a few more marks and began to feel better. By the end of the week she felt right nice and by Saturday afternoon she felt that college was a swell place even for farmers.

Her first formal! She and Blanche had been over a few things about the why and why not of formal action a number of times. Bill had asked Blanche to go and all in all, well.

Sadie was dazzled from the time Bill's car first hit the fine gravel in the Country Club lane. So many big cars! So many lights! So many pretty party dresses! The men all so black and white and correct! This was the life she had read about. These were the people she would mingle with when she had her degree. Sadie Ross was surely being born.

They moved from the cloak rooms out into the ballroom. Sadie lost her sense of detail, being only able to take all this loveliness in as a picture, complete. They danced. They traded one with Bill and Blanche. They danced again and then some voice she had heard from somewhere was speaking to Lowell:

"If it's in order here, Mr. Nevet, I could use this lasso for two or three turns around the hay loft." Pete Rowley was taking her away from Lowell and they were dancing on with about as much ceremony as a new horse takes up the pony express.

"What are you doing here my pretty maid? And you don't have any cake out in your coat do you?"

"Said the pieman to Simple Simon, indeed I haven't any," she said smartly.

"Well, strike me tepid if the rurals aren't picking up something besides Greek and Latin at last! A wise crack! Like a bolt from the blue! I repeat, strike me tepid."

Courage

By Florence E. Milche

WHAT need have we of solace? Is the earth
Grown sterile,—is not beauty left to cheer,
Inspire and lead the way to God? Is mirth
Forgotten,—no glad children's voices near,
Ring with laughter, telling life is good?
Succumb no more to sorrow, ban the tear
That comes unbid to fill the eye and flood
The minds with memories of those once
dear.

Solace! No,—rather sing in joyousness
As bright stars chant in empyrean blue,
A dazzling choir attuned to bliss
And singing unity each night anew.
Who weeps with God's great world be-
neath his feet,
Deserves to find no future yet more sweet.

That seemed to hold him for a minute and gave Sadie a chance to ask how he liked it, and where was his girl.

He said that he might tell the pieman that he didn't have any, indeed; but that he'd let it go and write her a card.

"Don't you think it's hot in here?" he said after a little. "Let's get some air. Not a word please, I said air and its air I want."

SADIE took his arm and said that it must be an intermission anyway. They went out on the stone terrace and sat down by a large potted palm. The night was so pretty that they just sat. Air was what he said he wanted anyway. Someone came and sat on the other side of the palm. A girl was saying something.

"And just what is the game, this time?" She was no one Sadie knew.

"She's Blanche's friend," the boy answered; "and at first it was just one of those things." Sadie opened her mouth to say something. The boy was Lowell. Pete pulled her back in silence; Lowell continued talking: "I've been out with bores in my time but this one I've been roped in on takes all the prizes. Tonight will wind it up, though. I've paid off all my obligations. I am glad you came along, I was on the verge of a breakdown and to make matters worse the sweet thing seems to think she's love sick about me. Can you beat it?"

Sadie jumped up with Pete after her. Thank heaven they couldn't see her. Pete just held tightly to her arm and pulled her in through the door. When they were inside all he said was, "I'm sorry, kid."

She didn't speak. She couldn't trust her voice. Her eyes were filling up; she wouldn't be able to see in a minute. "Take me home, will you, Pete?"

"Sure, sister," said Pete quickly, "and then I'll come back and ask that snake for his front teeth."

They were at the cloak room. "Pete, promise me you won't make any trouble. There's Blanche over there; go and tell her something or other. I'll be walking out; she can't see me like this."

Pete went over. "Don't ask any questions. I gotta take What's-

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The CANADIAN MISSION

By

JOHN V. BLUTH

President



On the St. Lawrence opposite from the city of Quebec. Ramparts and old fort on left.

Photo Courtesy Cunard Line.

THE Canadian Mission was organized in 1919, with Nephi Jensen as its first President. For a number of years previously it had been part of the Eastern States Mission and extended farther west than now. At present it comprises the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Islands, all in eastern Canada, and the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont in the United States. The mission is divided into ten districts, four of them in Ontario, each of the other six representing a province or a state, with Toronto as mission headquarters. From Windsor (opposite Detroit), on the west, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the east the mission stretches for 1,450 miles, and from Niagara Falls, north as far as one cares to go. Members are residing as far as 500 miles north of Toronto. A tour of the mission, made quarterly, covers from 2,700 to 3,100 miles.

Eastern Canada is a glorious country, one of forest, lake and stream, in the summer a veritable delight, in the autumn gorgeously

decked in holiday attire. The winters are not severe except for a few days, unless in the northern reaches. Toronto, a city of 800,000 people, is built across the numerous ravines which abound on Ontario lake shore, the configuration of the country, with its covering of oak and elm, maple and birch, readily lending itself to the gardener's skill and providing ground for the beautiful parks throughout the city. One can step from many of the busiest thoroughfares and in a couple of blocks find oneself buried in the midst of the wildwood, in some deep ravine where the bustle of the city is forgotten and the noise of its city traffic hushed.

Montreal is a city of churches, shrines and magnificent buildings; among its peculiarities are the curved stairways leading from the sidewalks to the second story of almost all the houses in the residential districts. Here both English and French are spoken, and almost all signs, street directions, street cars, cards, announcements in public buildings, etc., are in both languages. It has a population of

1,200,000, strongly Catholic, and in this respect Quebec is even more so. Saint John, New Brunswick, was founded by Royalists, or Loyalists as they styled themselves, who fled from the United States during the revolutionary war, and it is the hilliest city in the mission. Nova Scotia is the land of Acadie, the home of Evangeline, made famous by Longfellow, and has a wonderful historic background. The province of Ontario alone has 150,000 square miles of forest, and all the land is a paradise for the tourist who loves the open.

THE mission has a number of places of interest to the visitor. Not least of these is the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the memorial farm, cottage and monument at South Royalton, Vermont. Then, there is the birthplace of Brigham Young, at Wittingham; of Heber C. Kimball, at Sheldon; of Hyrum Smith at Tunbridge; of Erastus Snow, at St. Johnsbury; of Luke S. and Lyman E. Johnson, at Pomfret, all in Vermont; of Amasa Lyman, at Lyman Township, New Hampshire; of Marriner

W. Merrill, at Sackville, New Brunswick. There is Quebec, with its quaint, old and historic lower town, its Chateau de Frontenac, its Plains of Abraham, and its war monuments. There is the Longfellow home at Portland, Maine; the Bell Memorial homestead, where the telephone was invented, at Brantford; the beautiful Lake Champlain, the Green and White mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire; Ottawa with its wonderful parliament buildings in a beautiful setting on the bluffs of the Ottawa river; Toronto with its parks, its magnificent bridges spanning some of the larger ravines, with the largest hotel and the tallest building in the British Empire—the Royal York and the Canadian Bank of Commerce building, respectively; the large inland lakes and the picturesque labyrinth through the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence River, and many others.

On July 1, 1867, a confederation agreement joined Upper Canada (as Ontario), lower Canada (as Quebec), and Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, into the union now known as the Dominion of Canada, but into which New Foundland did not enter.

Mission work was begun here as early as 1832. John Taylor, who became the third president of the Church, came from England to Toronto in 1832. In 1836 he was visited by Parley P. Pratt, who had come to this land because of a prophetic statement by Apostle Heber C. Kimball that he would here find a people prepared and ready to receive the Gospel. President Taylor, then but 23 years of age, became interested and on May 9, 1836, a month after the dedication of the Kirtland Temple, he and his wife were baptized. At this time there were but two provinces here, Upper and Lower Canada. Joseph Smith, with Sidney Rigdon and Thomas B. Marsh, visited Toronto in 1837 and held conferences at a number of places in the vicinity. Since then missionary work has been carried on in Canada intermittently. William R. Sloan, now president of the Northwestern States Mission, was a missionary here some 32 years ago, and one of his converts, Sister Eliza Burton Devins, now 84 years of age, still resides at Woodbridge,

Rules for Hating Your Brother

By Lloyd O. Ivie

1. Contrive to be dissatisfied and to find flaws in everything he says or does.
 2. Be filled with love and pity,—especially pity,—for—yourself.
 3. Hunt from among your unsuspecting friends those whom you can induce to sympathize with you, and back up your opinion with "Everybody says so." That is, make sure your name is "Legion."
 4. Be cocksure that you are always right—also—look-ly!
 5. Be quick to contend, and to point out his weaknesses to—others.
 6. Keep your attention focused eternally upon the faultless in—yourself.
 7. When things go wrong, or run counter to your wishes or interests, be positive that it is in no way your fault.
 8. Be both tactful and ingenious in fixing the blame upon—the other fellow.
 9. Be keen and quick, (flavoring well with shallow wit), in passing depreciative judgment upon others. Know for a fact that his evil motives can be nothing else than what you have wisely detected and advertised.
 10. If you do not understand him, nor what he meant, be sure to give his word or act the ugliest and meanest motive possible.
 11. When others speak well of him be certain that it is because they do not know him as well as you do.
 12. Recognize clearly your own acts of greatness, but be equally able to detect that his deeds are commonplace,—something trifling which anyone can do.
 13. If you are obligated to him in any way, forget it; if he owes a slight duty to you remember it long and advertise it widely.
 14. Keep in mind that it is better to have your own way than the right way.
 15. Be ready to compromise on the fifty-fifty plan: he gives fifty and you take fifty.
 16. Rejoice over his misfortunes; and haw-haw his mistakes. In other words see distinctly the wart on the man rather than the man on the wart.
- Now there may be others, but beloved brother, if you will follow these rules determinedly and persistently you will suddenly make of yourself one of the greatest men in the world; you will become a master in the art of reducing others to such minute proportions that no one but yourself can be seen. Sure!

a few miles north of Toronto, and never tires of telling the story of her conversion or of exhibiting the photos of the many missionaries who stopped at her home or labored in that field through the years that have passed.

There are now forty missionaries in the field, just one-half of the force that labored here three years ago.

In Maine, four of our elders, with a young non-Mormon friend, are playing basketball, thereby making

many acquaintances. They have won quite a number of friends and, incidentally, 80% of their games. They have also joined the Longfellow Club, where they were given the privilege of preaching a series of sermons, found friends and created much interest, all of which has furnished opportunities for explaining the Gospel to its cultured membership not otherwise available.

THERE are but five organized branches, and the greater portion of the membership of 1,400 is scattered over the more than a million square miles of the mission confines. Toronto branch has a membership of 200 odd and Hamilton somewhat less than 100. Montreal, Ottawa and Kitchener account for an additional 150. The vitality of the Gospel, however, is shown by the fact that so many of those who are isolated and do not see an elder for a year or even years, in one case not for ten years, are fervently faithful to the truth, often hungering for companionship of the elders and the Saints and almost envying those who live where the Saints can meet together in assembly. We visit them as often as our means and opportunities permit.

Generally there is a sweet spirit among the Saints in the organized branches and in the places where missionaries are stationed and carry on regular branch work. The auxiliary organizations are doing much to create interest and to hold the young. A Gold and Green ball recently in Hamilton was exceptionally well attended, and a minstrel show given in Toronto by the local members, aided by the Mission Home elders, brought out an attendance of 300.

Employment conditions are not of the best. In Toronto alone, one out of every eight is receiving public aid. Municipal, provincial and dominion authorities are bending every effort to find some way out of the muddle and to give employment or provide relief for those who cannot obtain work. Among our members, where an honest tithing has been paid there has been comparatively little suffering, though the calls for help from the Church have been somewhat more numerous than in other years. The work is progressing and there are good prospects at present of a number of additions to the Church.

The MEXICAN MISSION

By
Antoine R. Ivins
President



A group of young ladies who sang in the choir, Mexican Mission

ONE of the earliest recollections that I have, the very earliest that bears at all upon the Mexican Mission, is that I one day sat with my back against a shed post on the south exposure of our barn in St. George and wondered what my father and Ammon M. Tenney might be saying, for they were talking quite fluently in a language that I could not understand. I seem to see again Father and Brother Tenney sitting on the manger while they punctuated their speech with emphatic and numerous gestures with their hands and shrugs of their shoulders. How I wished then that I could understand them.

This was on the occasion of a visit of Brother Tenney, who then lived in Arizona, with father and they were quite possibly discussing their adventures together while

on their first trip into Mexico.

They and Heleman Pratt, the father of Rey L. Pratt, had been members of a party of about eight who had ridden their horses from Utah into the State of Chihuahua as far as Chihuahua City, the capital of the State, the first effort of our Church to make contact with the Mexican people.

Later these same men undertook other missions into the interior of Mexico along with other brethren who distinguished themselves in this service. I believe, though, that these three are the only ones of these early missionaries to the Mexicans that I ever knew personally, excepting Moses Thatcher. It must

have been some years after Father's return from his second mission into Mexico that he and Brother Tenney were able to meet again on the occasion I have referred to.

MY next contact with the Mexican Mission, rather indirect to be sure, came in 1895. School had just been closed and Father was going to the Kaibab on business with the VT Ranch and I, then fourteen, was to be allowed to go with him. He took along a little Spanish instruction book and as we waited for the horses to clean up their oats after lunch at Pipe Springs he brought it out.

"How would you like to learn Spanish?"

"Fine."

"Well you may as well start right now, for you will need it. We have been called to move to Mexico."

To this day I can remember the picture of a pineapple that the first page of that book carried and the sentence, in Spanish, saying that it is sweet.

Father moved his family to Mexico in the fall of 1896, just after the October Conference, and that marks a new era



Left to right, standing: Ammon M. Tenney, John W. Taylor, James Jacobson, Hyrum S. Harris, Anthony W. Ivins, Alonzo Y. Taylor. Kneeling: S. Marsena Foster, Joseph H. Parry, Jr.

in the affairs of the Mexican Mission, for the work that had been so well begun had been suspended for a number of years for reasons that I am not conversant with, and it was soon after Father took charge of the affairs of the Church in Mexico that it was decided to reopen the Mission in the interior of the Republic.

NO man could be found better fitted by native talent and experience for such a job than Ammon M. Tenney, who then lived in Mexico, and he was selected. The Church has had few, if any, greater missionaries to the Lamanites than Brother Tenney.

He went to Mexico City and from there made contact with those of the old members whom he could find in an effort to bring them back into the fold. In this he was not always successful but generally speaking he had wonderful results. It was not long until he had things moving nicely and called for help. Several young men were sent him from the colonies, selected because they already could speak the language of the people, and then recruits began coming from Utah. S. Marsena Foster was the first of these, according to my memory, and then came Joseph H. Parry, Jr.

They came while I was in the City of Mexico about 1902-3 and were at once sent out to live with Mexican families to learn the language, a procedure that I believe was not long followed but which was very effective in teaching these brethren Spanish.

Some of the pictures accompanying this article were made at the first conference held in the mission after these brethren came. It was held at Tecalco, Feb. 7 to 9, 1903, and so far as I know, was the first conference held in the Mexican Mission after the reopening. Ten people from Utah and the Colonies were present, viz.: John W. Taylor, of the Council of the Twelve; A. W. Ivins, President of Juarez Stake and in general charge of the Mexican Mission; Ammon M. Tenney, President of the Mission; Hyrum S. Harris, then studying law in Mexico City and later President of the Mission; Elders Alonzo L. Taylor, James Jacobson, Samuel G. Lake, S. M. Foster, and Joseph H. Parry, Jr., and myself. I think there must have been about three hundred people present. I

Only a Smile

By Nell Larson

I HAD only a smile.
I had no great amount of wealth,
No motors, nor mansions, nor worldly
pelf.
I could not feed the hungry poor,
Nor leave gifts around at the needy's door.
I had no coin for the blind man's cup,
Nor even a bone for a hungry pup.
I had only a smile.

What could I do with only a smile?
I wanted to serve, but I saw no way
To help my neighbor from day to day,
But as I went from place to place
I kept my smile upon my face,
And I saw about me to my surprise
My smile reflected in other eyes.
My smile became worth while.

well remember that one old brother, well along in years, had walked more than sixty miles to be present. Almost all those in attendance had come afoot, as few of them had any money to spend on train fares. Perfect behavior, on the part of the converts, characterized the entire time of the conference.

It will be remembered that in Mexico there are, generally speaking, but two classes of people—the wealthy and the poor. It so happens that the latter furnish us with the most of our converts. This may be because they are of purer Indian blood and more susceptible to the teachings of the Gospel.

MANY of these people appear to be of almost pure Indian

blood and when once converted they become very staunch and faithful members of the Church. With them it takes but an opportunity to bring out their good qualities and they develop into people of great capacity for service. President Juarez was a purebred Indian and President Diaz had a good strong infusion of the same blood. He perhaps owed his sterling qualities to his Indian ancestry. Many of the leaders of today are able to trace their lines back to these same Indians and some of them have come up from poverty.

This is the people to whom we are striving to introduce the Gospel.

Since the conference above referred to the Mission has had its periods of success and depression. Just when Pres. Rey L. Pratt had things going most satisfactorily the Elders were all forced out of Mexico and it was necessary to disband them, after which almost nothing was done for some time. Then it was decided to rehabilitate the mission and labor among the Spanish-speaking people who reside in the United States and thus to be ready to return to Mexico should the opportunity ever present itself.

This work began in Colorado and spread until now it embraces New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and California, and extends from the Pacific to the Atlantic, taking in the area along the international border. Our membership has grown to 4,133, with 38 branches in more or less complete state of organization. Headquarters are now, as they have been for several years, at Los Angeles, California, in the center of what is said to be the second largest Mexican population in the world.

It will, of course, be borne in mind that we are kept out of Mexico by laws that have been passed in order to expel therefrom a very large force of foreign priests who, for many years, have been taking heavy tribute from these people. Laws must be general in their effect and we must abide by them even though they be not aimed directly at us. We hope that many years may not pass before a modification or interpretation may be made which will again give our elders access to this great field. It would appear to be ripe and ready for harvest and the time when we may be permitted to go back cannot come too soon.



President and Mrs. Arthur Welling,
North Central States Mission



L. D. S. Relief Society
Presidency, Wolf Point,
Montana. Mrs. Arthur
Welling, right center.

Left to right: Paint-
ing Iron, Nimrod Davis,
Arthur Welling (Pres.),
Runstrough — Wolf
Point Branch Presi-
dency, Montana.



The North Central States MISSION

By
ARTHUR WELLING
President

REMINISCENT of the earliest white men to explore the great Northwest are such names as "Duluth," great mining and shipping center at the western extremity of the great Lakes, "Hennepin" County, Minnesota, "Marquette" Ave., Minneapolis. If we accompany these intrepid French explorers and missionaries down the Mississippi River to what is now the Minnesota-Iowa line, thence take our way west along that line to South Dakota, thence south to and west along the southern border of that state nearly to Wyoming, turning north just in time to exclude the Black Hills corner of the state, thence west to and along the boundary between Montana and Wyoming to the north-west corner of the Yellowstone Park, thence due north through Great Falls, Montana, across the Canadian border and on to Beaver Crossing, Alberta, near Cold Lake, northeast of Edmonton, thence east across Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and part of Ontario to Port Arthur on Lake Superior, thence south along the shore of the lake and down the Mississippi to point of beginning, we shall have bounded the North Central States Mission.

This great inland empire, approximately 1000 miles square, carved from the fringes of the Northwestern, the Western, the

Northern, and the Canadian Missions, extending roughly from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and embracing Minnesota, North and South Dakota—except the Black Hills Country—Eastern Montana, and the Canadian Provinces of Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario as far East as Port Arthur, with a little fringe of Alberta for good measure, was organized as the

North Central States Mission by President Rudger Clawson, July 12, 1925, with John G. Allred as its first President, with headquarters at Minneapolis, Minnesota. In June, 1929, President Allred was honorably released, and Arthur Welling was appointed to succeed him.

THE Mission is divided into eight Districts as follows: Yellowstone, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, North Dakota, South Dakota, North Minnesota, South Minnesota, and Lake. There are ten organized Branches as follows: Belfry, Berthold, Billings, Chinook, Dalbo, Harlem, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Winnipeg, and Wolf Point. Of these two, Berthold in North Dakota, and Wolf Point in Montana, are Indian Branches presided over by well educated full blood Indians. Nearly as many sub-Branches are presided over by local and by regular missionaries. These sub Branches include Bozeman, Livingston, Tyler, Regina, Grand Forks, Duluth, Spring Vale, Mankato, and Sioux Falls. Fifteen Sunday Schools, eleven Relief Societies, ten Mutual Improvement Associations and numerous Primaries complete the organization of the Mission.

There are in the Mission approximately 38 Regular Missionaries.

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L. D. S. Chapel, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Netherlands MISSION

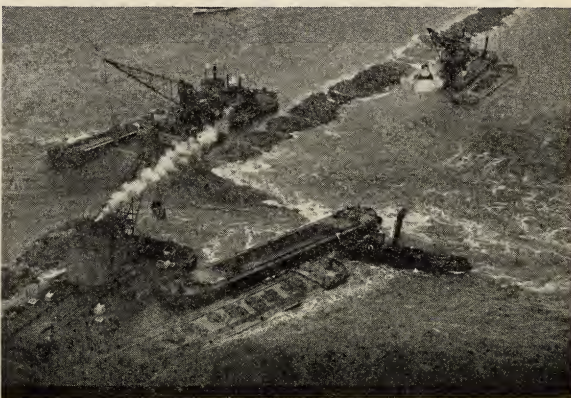
NEDERLAND" or Holland, as it is commonly known, has, more than any other progressive country in Europe, maintained her individuality and preserved many of her distinctive national characteristics. This is apparent particularly in the rural districts where one may still see the picturesque windmills, the grassy meadow land dotted with cattle and sheep, the peasant costumes with wooden shoes, and the neat farms and villages that have for centuries typified Dutch life the world over. As one enters this prosperous little country he is indeed impressed and fascinated with the beauty and peacefulness of both country and city.

The Kingdom of The Netherlands is comprised of eleven provinces, which cover an area of 12,650 square miles, or about 1/7 of the total area of Utah. Into this small area approximately 8 millions of people are crowded, who, for the greater part, live in or near the cities. As the Dutch and The Netherlands have been very closely connected with the founding and development of our great American Republic, Holland's history and her attractive scenes will always be of special interest to Americans.

AMSTERDAM, the capital city of The Netherlands, almost reminds one of an American city



By
CLYDE BIDDULPH and JAMES E. HOUSTON



Closing the last gap of the Dyke between Den Oever and the coast of Friesland.

with its spacious, tree-lined streets and modernistic display of recently erected buildings. In the older part of the city, however, as is the case in all Dutch cities, one may still see the tree-bordered canals in which numerous barges are always busily engaged in water commerce. The curious Dutch style of the 17th century may still be seen in many fine brick buildings. Amsterdam will be remembered as the scene of the Olympic Games of 1928. The stadium, which was built especially for this occasion, is still an object of interest to many tourists. The Royal Palace and the Rijks Museum are special places of interest. As the name indicates, the Rijks Museum is the property of the Dutch Government, and is main-

tained for the benefit and education of the people. The collection of paintings found here is representative of Dutch art and life, and includes some of the famous works of Rembrandt, Van Dyke and other noted Dutch artists. A special Rembrandt exhibit has been held during the past summer which comprised paintings gathered from the whole world especially for this occasion. Some 80,000 people took advantage of this rare opportunity.

Rotterdam, situated on the banks of the Maas River, is one of the great ports of the world. It handles fully half of The Netherlands' foreign trade and a large portion of the trade of the German Rhine territory. Here the ocean ships are unloaded and the cargoes transferred to the smaller river boats that ply up and down the Rhine River, which joins the Maas

The Peace Palace, The Hague

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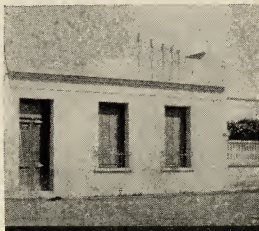
South American Missions

Argentina

1925-1933

By

PARLEY P. BORGQUIST



L. D. S. Meetinghouse, Buenos Aires,
Argentina, South America

IT was a beautiful autumn day in the fall of 1925 when the whistle blew and the Gold Coast Limited left Salt Lake City for all points East. Across three states it flew, then a change of trains and over two more; then another change, over four more states it raced to the world's greatest city, New York. A few days rest in this metropolis and then the deep-throated whistle of the liner signals to "cast-loose" for she is eager to be on her way.

She swings down the channel past the Statue of Liberty and out into the great Atlantic. The big ship's nose points south and 36 hours later she passes Bermuda, and then on the boat noses through silver-sheened equatorial waters to Rio de Janeiro, the world's most beautiful city. Then on she plows to Santos, the great coffee port, and finally swings her nose into the port of destination, Buenos Aires.

Aboard those trains and that ship were three men, ordained of God, authorities of the Church we represent, fulfilling or helping to fulfill another prophecy (Rev. 14:6-7). These men, namely Apostle Melvin J. Ballard, and Presidents Rey L. Pratt and Rulon S. Wells, of the seven Presidents of Seventies, had traveled this 10,000 miles to open a new mission

field, which meant new opportunities, new experiences, new persecutions and new converts. On the 25th day of December, 1925, Apostle Ballard offered the prayer dedicating this land to the preachings of the restored and reestablished Church of Jesus Christ.

Since that time the South American Mission has prospered and at the present is divided into two great districts. The one comprising the whole of Argentina and the other the whole of Brazil.

Argentina—1925-1933

SINCE the United States passed such strict immigration laws, Argentina has become the melting pot for the nations. Practically

L. D. S. Chapel, Joinville, Brazil,
South America



MISSION WORK in Brazil

By

PETER LOSCHER

every nationality and language is represented in this mass of humanity. Within its territorial boundaries are found the three geographical zones, torrid, temperate and frigid, so it is possible for these various nationalities to find a climate somewhat equal to their native climate. Argentina has a population of nearly 12,000,000 people, with 3,000,000 of them living in its two principal cities, Buenos Aires and Rosario de Santa Fe. It is a great producer of meats, hides, wheat, corn and other grains.

Argentina is not only unique as a country, but also as a mission field. It is new! It offers to the young Mormon Elder everything that his heart has ever yearned for. Excitement, opportunity, opposition and all this interwoven in an old romantic Spanish background. It offers everything for which our fathers and forefathers fought and conquered in the old West and all this in a strangely new country. The system of running the mission is considerably different from other mission fields. We have no competition or required hours for this or that work to be accomplished. This field is run on the honor system, each Elder is placed on his honor, in this case, his honor to God, to his Church, and to his parents, to accomplish every-

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Editorial

May 23, 1933.

Elder Harrison R. Merrill,
Managing Editor,
Improvement Era.
Dear Brother Merrill:

While on the way home from Los Angeles yesterday, where I went to dedicate a couple of meeting houses, I did some reading from the old time school book of my boyhood, Wilson's Fifth Reader.

I have pleasure in sending you a copy of "Speaking and Doing," also a short piece entitled "What is a Gentleman?" I am sure your subscribers will read these selections with interest, and many gray-haired men will remember not only these splendid pieces in Wilson's Fifth Reader, but many others.

I opened the book for the purpose of copying "What is a Gentleman?" but I found that part of the poem "The Three Black Crows" is on the page where the selection "What is a Gentleman?" starts, and as at this time we hear much about things of a political nature, especially in view of the efforts to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, I think the poem "The Three Black Crows" is very appropriate, when people talk about the awful failure of Prohibition, what has happened, and how much better it will be to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, etc. I am sending you a copy of this also.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely your friend and brother,
Heber J. Grant.

Speaking and Doing

Speech without action is a moral dearth,
And to advance the world is little worth:
Let us think much, say little, and much do,
If to ourselves and God we will be true;

And ask within,

What have I done of that I have to do?

Is conscience silent—say?

Oh! let my deeds be many and my words be few.
—*Bulleid.*

What is a Gentleman?

1. A GENTLEMAN is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less: a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

2. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen,

as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—G. W. Doane.

The Three Black Crows

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand:
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!" "I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend. "No? I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat:
But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."

"Impossible!" "Nay, but it's really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me;
But, by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three."

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
"Sir"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact:
It was not *two* black crows; 'twas *only one*;
The truth of *that* you may depend upon:
The gentleman himself told me the case."
"Where may I find him?" "Why, in such a place."

Away he goes, and having found him out—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one."
And here I find at last all comes to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was 't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so.
Something that was as *black*, sir, as a *crow*."

—Byron.

Editorial

Susa Young Gates

IN the passing of Sister Susa Young Gates, the Church suffers a real loss, and one which is recognized by all who knew "Aunt Susa" for what she was—a courageous thinker, a clear speaker, and a direct observer. The *Era* staff will miss her in many ways, for she dropped in to the office frequently to discuss some new thought or theory, and while there she always gave voice to a doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ, and left her hearers stimulated in their thinking and appreciation of what she was doing for them constantly.

To see Aunt Susa as she went about her daily work was to be impressed with her distinctive personality and strong mind, both of which she devoted almost exclusively to the work of the Lord. To know her well was to recognize her as outstanding, and to be glad that she was just Aunt Susa. She was the second daughter of Brigham Young and his wife, Lucy Bigelow Young, and was born in the Lion House on March 18, 1856—the first child to be born in that now historic building. On both sides her heredity was good, and in addition to what she inherited, she developed a number of interesting qualities of her own. Her education was unusual for a girl of her time, and her inclination soon carried her into literary fields, in which she spent much of her time until her death. Knowing shorthand and stenography, she was able to write very rapidly, and her thoughts flew even faster than her hands. Associated with her college paper at the University of Deseret (the forerunner of the University of Utah) she later was a contributor to all the Church magazines and papers, and was the organizer and first editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*, which magazine now has become a part of the *Improvement Era*. Always interested in cultural pursuits, and being a natural leader, she was instrumental in organizing clubs, the music and domestic science departments at the Brigham Young University, and the first state chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Utah. Perhaps her largest field next to her Church work and her writing, has been that of woman's activities and affairs. Always a forceful and influential member of the National Council of Women, she has become known and honored by its leaders, and has had many appointments to speak and write for and to this great organization.

Of late years she had devoted much time and effort to Genealogical work and has converted many others to the opportunity which is theirs to render service to their loved ones who have gone on. From the time of the completion of the first temple, she has been an indefatigable worker, and has written much on this subject.

"She is engaging and brilliant in conversation, and possesses the repletion of sentiment which naturally accompanies an artistic temperament, this emotional nature being held in check by the saving grace of humor. Her mind is the

versatile, imaginative type, keenly perceptive and philosophical. These qualities have enabled her to attain to the unique position which she occupies in the affairs of Church and State. All that is written of Mrs. Gates in her lifetime will be necessarily inadequate; it is only through the perspective of years that her achievements and dynamic power will be fully discernible." (History of the Y. L. M. I. A.)

Typical of the letters received by her during her life is one which was sent to her daughter, Lucy Gates Bowen, recently, written from the National Press Club in Washington by a man who accompanied Vice-President Curtis on his campaign tour last fall, and met Susa Young Gates while visiting in Salt Lake. The letter follows:

"To the daughter of Susa Young Gates:

"Dear Lady:

"This letter will surprise you a little—but I must write it—to express my last tribute of respect and admiration for your mother—Susa Young Gates.

"I met you very briefly at Provo during Commencement (Founders' Day) when I was accompanying Mr. Curtis (Vice-President of the United States) there last October—and had the very real pleasure of an animated chat with your mother. By the way, did she ever do or say anything that wasn't animated?

"Later I received from her an autographed copy of the Brigham Young biography in which she not only paid a very appreciative bit of flattery to myself—but paid the most touching tribute to her father and mother that I can recall in a long time:

"Saying in effect: 'My mother loved my father devotedly and I adored him,' etc., only using beautiful and sentimental language in so doing; so that all in all it constituted the finest tribute to parents from their child that I had noted in many, many years.

"My thought then was: Any system or policy of mating which could produce so much life and love in its course was worthy of emulation and should never be let perish.

"Today it is rare to hear a wife speak highly of her husband. Any little action of his that arouses disappointment or jealousy in her is deemed sufficient excuse to maltreat and libel the man.

"Today one never, *Never* hears a child speak admiringly, even, let alone adoringly, of a parent. I see babies strike their fathers—and youngsters thumb their noses, etc., and universal signs of a revolt against parents—everywhere in this modern city life.

"Let me ask in closing: Why should not the living chronicles of Mormon history incorporate clearly whatever evidences and testimony there be to the love and mutual cooperation there was between mates in the early Mormon system? We Gentiles have in the past done much to derogate it. I think it only fair that history should make clear the point your mother made so wonderfully clear to me—if indeed that was anything like a general condition. Our present system of mating certainly leaves so very much to be desired.

"Really, I suppose your mother was an exceptional woman. She reminded me so much of my own New England ancestry, I hate to see it all passing on Beyond. These later generations seem to be lacking in their many admirable qualities.

"With all kind good wishes,

"Russell McFarland."

On May 26, 1933, she passed away, leaving a sorrowing family and a host of friends who have loved and admired her, and who, emulating many of her teachings and precepts, will be better prepared to meet her when they too shall pass beyond.

—E. T. B.

The South American Missions

Continued from
page 543

thing possible in the shortest possible time; however, not forgetting the old adage, "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well."

Since the first Elder set foot in this country in 1926 the work of the Lord has found friends and converts among the people residing here. In seven short years this Argentina district boasts of a splendid meeting house, and a membership of 114 people. The Sunday Schools are organized as well as the Mutuals. A well organized and regular program of hall and cottage meetings, plus tracting and visiting, places the Gospel within hearing distance of thousands every week. Even at this rate the mission work in Argentina has barely scratched the surface. There are vast territories where Elders have not yet set foot. Only two cities of Argentina have had the privilege of having the restored Gospel preached to their inhabitants and in these two cities there are approximately 400,000 persons per missionary. The work of the Lord in this mission is in competent hands but more workers are needed to prune the vineyard to insure a larger and better harvest.

The members of the Church in Argentina are humble; they are firm in their belief in God. They want to learn and do everything in their power to aid the progression of the work in this mission. They are willing to help sustain Elders in the field, they are willing to give everything that they possess to the Church. They have a testimony of the truthfulness and veracity of this Gospel; they do thank the Lord for His many blessings. They truly are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

At the present time there are seven Elders, the Mission President and his family in active service in Argentina. They are a fine bunch of young men, men who know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. They kneel down with thanksgiving in their hearts for their priceless heritage and ask that it may be preserved. And now in the language of the country we will say "Adios."

Mission Work in Brazil

WHILE the rest of the world is tired and weary, counting its remaining days—way down, under the beams of a tropical sun in the day-time, and under the splendor of the Southern Cross in the night-time, like a big, slumbering giant-baby—lies Brazil—vast and undeveloped, larger but even more promising than its northern brother, the United States of America. And still the average reader of newspapers knows, with the exception of a few revolutions, very little of this awakening star.

As a mission field, Brazil shows the same features and there is perhaps no other land where missionaries of this Church are engaged at the present in proclaiming the message of the Lord, that has such a splendid outlook for development and success in the future, as has Brazil.

Of course, it would not be just to draw comparisons in figures, although the fact that in 4 years of labor about 120 souls were converted to the Church, shows that the Lord has blessed the humble activities of the few elders.

The people of Brazil consist, with the exception of a few millions of wild Indians that dwell in the unexplored regions of the Amazon River, mostly of Portuguese, Italians, and Germans. Up to now, our work brought us largely in contact with the German speaking colonists and settlers, who often live many hours away from the railroad, in the jungles.

Joinville, a typical little German town of about 14,000 inhabitants, was the place where the servants of the Lord were first guided to hold meetings, and today the Church has a nice little branch there and is in possession of a wonderful little chapel. Sunday School and M. I. A. and many other institutions of the Church, have been of great value in the past to these people of Brazil, of whom only 12% are able to read and write. In some other places, where the work was started, teaching school and helping them work in the fields were the first means to touch the hearts of these poor and devoted people, to

prepare them for our glorious message.

Our Church songs, which are well liked by many hundreds of people, ring today through the jungles and have helped many weary souls to forget their hard and troublesome pioneer lives, their battle with the dangers and soils of a strange land and a raw nature. Although they often have nothing to offer but a little cottage, black beans and corn-bread to eat, they are happy if the servants of the Most High share with them what little they have and teach them the simple teaching of their Friend, who had "no rock upon which to lay his head."

The utmost is often required of the young elders in regard to health; in this very damp and swampy climate, malaria and typhoid fever are still names that threaten the healthiest and strongest of our missionaries. And in many other things, they have to forget that they came from a civilized land, a land that is about 100 years ahead of this country. The horse in Brazil is today what the automobile is for America. Many old tools and working methods that are used here are to be found in museums of the United States.

But it is no mistake at all to be reminded wherever you look, of pioneer days, and feel, wherever you go, the God-fearing, inspiring spirit of our pioneer fathers and mothers, lacking all the comfort of present-day civilization, battling only for a place under the sun and God's blessings.

Although we are only seven missionaries at the present and for this reason some have to work alone, we will start to work in bigger cities very soon. And through the help of the Lord, we hope to be able to spread more light and prepare the millions of souls of the southern part of Zion for the coming of our Lord and Redeemer. And we even hope to have time enough to warn the many Lamanites, that still inhabit this land.

We hope that in the meantime the giant-baby, Brazil, has awakened from its slumber and that it will be a chosen and special blessed land, carrying many of the blood of Israel.

A Little Journey Through *The Western States Mission*



By
ELIAS A. WOODRUFF
President

L. D. S. Chapel, Denver, Western States Mission

COME with me and we will take a little journey through the Western States Mission. We shall visit the states of Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Nebraska, cross the river into Iowa, and go into the southwestern corner of South Dakota. We shall travel in all about five thousand miles. We shall go into the mountains to an elevation of 10,250 feet, and down to the Missouri River where we are scarcely a thousand feet above sea level.

Leaving Salt Lake City in the evening, we find ourselves in Grand

Junction, Colorado, the following morning. In the heart of the residential section we have a chapel; erected in 1929, and dedicated by Elder George Albert Smith in 1930. The branch is completely organized. To the south lies Delta, Montrose and Somerset, at each of which places we have a small organization.

We go up the Grand River to the summit of the Rockies and at Tennessee Pass find ourselves 10,250 feet above sea level.

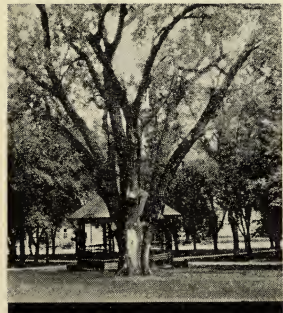
Now we wind down the Arkansas River through the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, or Royal Gorge. As we emerge from the canyon—Canon City comes into view. Here we have a well organized branch consisting of Sunday School, Relief Society and Sacrament Meetings. We continue on to a point where the Fountain River empties into the Arkansas. We find the ruins of an old fort erected by members of the Mormon Battalion. We are in the city of Pueblo, population 75,000. On the corner of Sixth and Fountain we have a neat and convenient chapel, with a branch numbering 190 members.

Now we turn south and west to the great San Luis Valley. Our first stop is Alamosa. At the corner of Tenth and State Streets we have a commodious and neat brick chapel. One hundred seventy-five

people can be accommodated in the main hall. At conference time it is usually filled. Two missionaries have headquarters in Alamosa. The whole San Luis District and the whole district lying north as far as Leadville, Colorado, and west as far as the Utah line is in the hands of these two elders. To the south lies the San Luis Stake. Sanford and Manassa are the principal towns.

At this point we turn westward into the mountains to Durango. From Durango we go to Mancos, Lakeview, and Cortez, places of historic interest. The Mesa Verde Park is a mecca for tourists. We

Brigham Young Tree, Florence, Nebraska. Tree is said to have been planted by President Brigham Young. It originally had twelve fine branches.



Old Mill, Florence, Nebraska, used by Saints while at Winter Quarters



have a few Saints here and there, with a Sunday School at Pagosa Springs, another at Lakeview. We return and go south into New Mexico. We pass by the ancient pueblo of Taos and enter Santa Fe, the state capital, and second oldest city in the United States. Santa Fe claims the oldest Catholic Church. It is a city of romance with a strange blending of the ancient and modern. Now we are on the main line of the Santa Fe and we turn westward into Albuquerque, the metropolis of the state. Here we have a splendid branch of the Church. The Mexican Mission has elders stationed here at times. The two sisters laboring in Albuquerque frequently help the Spanish sisters with their Relief Society.

Again westward, and we come to Bluewater, a typical farming community. We have our own chapel here. The amusement hall at Bluewater is the only one in that part of the country. People from all around come to our parties. We leave Bluewater for Gallup, the western limit of the Mission. A well organized branch meets in a rented hall.

WE retrace our steps to Albuquerque. We follow the Rio Grande River southward and reach Socorro, where Doctor Sterling B. Talmage and his wife are prominent figures in the community. Farther south we pass the great Elephant Butte Dam. On our right lie the cities of Silver City, Lordsburg and Deming. We are at the southern end of the Mission. Eastward through Texas about eighty miles and then north brings us to Roswell. We visit the Carlsbad Caverns and Clovis. Until recently missionaries have been laboring there. At the present time we have no elders in this entire southern community.

Continuing northward we enter Colorado again. Trinidad has a small branch of the Church. Next we visit Colorado Springs, one of the show towns of Colorado. The branch of the Church in Colorado Springs meets in the Odd Fellows Hall.

Denver is our next stop. It is the headquarters of the Mission. Civic pride runs high in Denver. The city is beautiful and especially so in the summer months. The Church is located in one of the choicest sections of the city. Across the street is the Humphry's

mansion and its attractive grounds. We try to make our grounds as beautiful as their park. The sight-seeing busses pass the Denver chapel and the guests are told, "This is the Mormon Church. The pastor is a Utah man and loves flowers." It is one of the most beautiful churches and grounds in Denver. More than 600 members of the Church reside here, and our Sunday School and other organizations will compare favorably with the best wards in the Stakes of Zion. Five miles south we have the Englewood chapel. We also have a small Sunday School organized at Barnum and another at Mandalay Gardens. Also a branch of the Church at Fort Collins where the Agricultural College is located. Several families are living at Boulder, home of the University of Colorado.

NOW we go into Nebraska. At North Platte a small well organized branch meets in a rented hall. At Grand Island a larger branch similarly organized meets in Lieder-Kranz Hall. In Hastings the Odd Fellows Hall is our home. The Elders conduct the services there. We are in the midst of the corn country. Continuing through Nebraska, we come to Lincoln, the capital of the state, where the State College and Agricultural College are located. Lincoln is the home of William J. Bryan and John J. Pershing. Our branch in Lincoln is small and we meet in a rented hall. Two elders and two sisters

labor here. Street meetings, cottage meetings and tracting keep them busy. It is a fruitful part of our Father's vineyard. At Omaha a comfortable and artistic chapel is located at Arcadia and 30th streets. North of Omaha lies the town of Florence which is better known as "Winter Quarters." In the park may be seen the "Brigham Young" tree. Originally it had twelve great branches. Last year three of them were cut off after they were damaged by lightning. The old Mormon Cemetery is at Florence and is kept in good condition. The Old Mill which furnished grist to our people still stands. It has been modernized and a portion of the building has been added to.

Across the river is Council Bluffs, Iowa, where we have a chapel located at 9th and Avenue A, with a busy, happy congregation. Two elders and two sisters labor here and similarly two elders and two sisters in Omaha.

NOW we go north and west, turning into South Dakota, and come to Rapid City. Here we have a Sunday School. Rapid City has been better known since President Coolidge spent his summer there a few years ago. The black hills, which lie westward from the city, are filled with trout streams, and the pine-clad hills, lakes and forests, attract many tourists. Here in these hills are the famous old towns of Deadwood and Lead. At the old city of Deadwood we see a monument to "Wild Bill Hickock" and "Calamity Jane." If you ask why they built a monument to characters whose names sound like bandits, you are told that they were keepers of the peace and enemies of the lawless. We are now in the section where the "Custer Massacre" occurred. Sixty miles north our branch at Belle Fourche attracts our attention. We are told that the sugar factory at Belle Fourche has one of the best records of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company group.

Now we make our way over the black hills to Sheridan, Wyoming. Along the road you see a sign, "Sheridan only thirty miles away," another sign, "Sheridan only twenty miles away," and you are reminded of the old patriotic poem. At Sheridan we have a sugar factory and a fine community. We own our church building. Two elders are

(Continued on page 563)

Permission Granted

AUTHORS of the *Senior Manual* quoted liberally from the two volumes, "Social Trends in the United States." Report of President Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends, by permission of the publishers, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., of New York City, but because the manuals had to be rushed in order to have them out in time for conference the exact form of the acknowledgment had not been received. Mr. Hugh J. Kelly, representing the company, however, has been kind and has permitted the acknowledgment to be made in this magazine.

That report of the President's Committee, according to many sociologists, is a very important document and should be studied by those interested in government and in the direction in which the people as well as the church and secular governments of this country are taking. The two volumes have been condensed into one and are being suggested as text books in sociology. They have already been adopted by a number of institutions of higher learning.



Chapel at Atlanta

MARCHING ON *in* DIXIE

By

CHARLES A. CALLIS

President

THE South is old in story. It is rich in spiritual achievement. In tracing the history of Methodism in Georgia, a Methodist minister declares that "John Wesley personally organized at Savannah in 1737, the first Sunday School in the world, nearly fifty years before the beginning of that type of work in England."

About twenty per cent of the missionaries who have come to the Southern States Mission are descendants of families who accepted the Gospel in the South and afterwards moved West. The southern Saints do not leave their "first love." The spirit burns as brightly in their hearts today as when they were first converted to the Gospel. Their first ardor of gratitude and zeal toward God endures. "The Southern people," said the Prophet

Joseph Smith, "are hospitable and noble."

John C. Ellis, a grandson of Sidney Rigdon, was recently baptized in Florida. He is assisting the local brethren in holding open air and other meetings. In public discourses and Gospel conversations

he reasons from the scriptures proving that the Plan of Salvation is of divine origin.

ON the banks of the Catawba River, in York County, South Carolina, live the remnant of the once warlike and powerful tribe of Indians from whom the river derived its name. They were an intelligent and handsome race.

Tradition says that the Catawba Indians came down from Canada to South Carolina numbering 12,000, about the year 1600. A devastating scourge of smallpox, wars with the Cherokees, Shawnees and other nations depleted their numbers greatly. At the present time there are upwards of 250 souls in the Catawba Indian Nation. "So sleeps the

*First Headquarters,
Southern States Mission,
Shady Grove, Tennessee,
1875.*



pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er."

It is interesting to note that the Catawbas were the first people in this country to present a temperance petition. On May 26, 1756, they asked the authorities of South Carolina to protect them from the white man's "fire water" which was debauching their young men, and as a result of which the whites were taking advantage of the Indians in the bartering and trading between the two peoples. But strong drink continued to be given to the Red Men and they were gradually dispossessed of their lands.

But their numbers are swelling. They are a reviving and increasing race. In a generation the Catawba tribe has more than doubled itself. And this in fulfilment of the remarkable prediction, rich in promise, uttered by the Prophet Joseph: "The Lamanites shall blossom as the rose."

Fully ninety per cent of these Indians are members of the Church. They worship in an attractive chapel and they officer a branch organization with Relief Society, Sunday School and Mutual Improvement Associations. Shining out in the lives of these people are faith, devotion and loyalty. The Gospel message was first delivered to the Catawbas in 1883 by Elders Henry Miller and Charles Robinson. The latter died at Kings Mountain, S. C., while filling his mission.

DURING the administration of the last royal governor of the province, the chief of the Catawbas was King Hagler. There is a story about this noted chief that reveals the Indian idea of justice that formerly prevailed.

A party of braves starting out on a hunt, so the story goes, met a Frenchman, who was passing through the reservation. He carried a violin and played a number of tunes for them. The magical music box was coveted by one of the young braves, who waylaid and killed the Frenchman to obtain possession of the instrument.

White men went to Chief Hagler and demanded that the murderer be punished.

"Justice shall be done," said the Chief, who was in the woods engaged in a hunt. Chief Hagler carefully loaded his rifle and blew a long blast on his horn, recalling his young men from the chase.

Gentlemen Are Made—By Mothers

By Jules Lutge

THE dinner guest who pulls out a chair for his partner so graciously, acquired that facility because a wise mother taught him to think and do for her as "a lady."

The man with whom thoughtfulness seems to be an instinct, is the son of a mother who encouraged him to be thoughtful of her.

That sacred regard for womanhood, which is the attribute of a gentleman, is even more, a tribute to some mother.

Presently an Indian appeared toiling through the underbrush with a deer on his shoulders. As soon as he came within range Chief Hagler took careful aim, fired, and the Indian fell dead in his tracks.

Turning to the white man the Chief said, "Justice has been done, and we are still brothers." It was the Indian's idea that a life must be given for a life, and that any life would suffice.

THERE are forty-six organized branches and one hundred and nineteen Sunday Schools in the Mission. They are outposts of the Church. Local people are in charge. You will find these organizations on the Old Spanish Trail that runs across Florida; along the banks of the Swannee River; in South Carolina, the Palmetto State; in Georgia, settled by General Oglethorpe and his colonists; and throughout Alabama and Mississippi. In Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, on the very spot where the city was surrendered to General Sherman, in 1865, a beautiful chapel has been built. In historic Charleston, which is under the guns of Fort Sumter, the Saints meet in their own house of worship. Several small Sunday Schools, organized lately, are held under the wide-spreading branches of age-old oaks and cypress draped with Spanish moss.



Catawba Indian Girls' Chorus

The missionaries render musical programs and deliver doctrinal addresses over several radio stations. An invitation has been extended to hold a revival service for one week, over the radio, in a certain city.

UPWARDS of two hundred local brethren and sisters are serving as part time missionaries. They are distributing tracts and holding hall, cottage and open air meetings. With courage and faith they are preaching the word. A local elder of experience and ability is presiding over one of the districts. The organist in one of the Sunday Schools is a young woman who is totally blind. She has memorized the hymns. This devoted worker is conducting song services at her home, where members and non-members gather to learn the Songs of Zion.

A word of sincere appreciation for our non-Mormon friends: The help they give, though indirect, in preaching the Gospel cannot easily be measured. The privilege of using the radio and the newspapers without charge is of inestimable value. In several of the branches, jurists, educators and public officials have responded to invitations to address the Latter-day Saints in their houses of worship. Bands and orchestras and professional singers appear before some of our congregations and render special and delightful music.

HIGH praise is due the Sunday School, M. I. A., and the Primary organizations for the generous contributions they make to the advancement of the work of the Lord. They have succeeded in enlisting many non-members in their ranks. It is no uncommon thing for a non-Mormon boy or girl to give the two and one-half minute talks in the Sunday School. Young men and women, not of the faith, take an active part in the lessons and programs in the M. I. A. In most of the neighborhood primaries, more than half of the membership is composed of children of non-Mormon parentage.

In the hearts of missionaries and members there abides deep respect, loyalty and love for the First Presidency and all the General Authorities of the Church. The splendid ministry and lives of these great leaders inspire those that are engaged in this glorious work with confidence and a determination to keep the commandments of God.

East Central States MISSION

By

MILES L. JONES

President

IN 1928 the authorities of the Church deemed it advisable to establish another mission in the Eastern part of the United States inasmuch as the work in the Southern States Mission had grown to such proportions that it was impossible for the President of that Mission properly to take care of the work, and consequently the East Central States Mission was organized, by taking from the Southern States Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia; and West Virginia from the Eastern States. Elder Miles L. Jones was called to preside over this new Mission.

In company with Elder Stephen L. Richards of the Council of the Twelve, and Sister Richards, Elder Jones took his departure on November 19, 1928, going direct to New York, where he was met by President Henry H. Rolapp of the Eastern States Mission. From there they proceeded to Richmond, Virginia, and were met by President Charles A. Callis and a number of the missionaries laboring in that locality. From there they made a tour of the states that were to comprise this new mission in order that President Jones might become acquainted with the Saints and also be made familiar with conditions in general. After looking over the situation very carefully, Elder Stephen L. Richards and President Jones decided it would be advisable to locate the headquarters of the mission at Louisville, Kentucky, as this was a point that the missionaries could reach very easily in coming into the field, and from which they could be conveni-



Lincoln's birthplace, Kentucky. Elders Jos. Fielding Smith, Miles L. Jones, Walter E. Gibbs.

ently assigned to their various fields of labor.

The scenic beauties of this mission are outstanding, varying from the wide open territory of North

Carolina, the rolling plains of Kentucky, hills of Tennessee and West Virginia, to the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. The total area included is approximately 20,843 square miles with a population of about 12,396,000. This is divided into eight districts in which are included twenty-eight organized branches. Among the many places of interest are, The Old Kentucky Home at Bardstown, Lincoln's Birth Place at Hodgenville, and the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky; Lookout Mountain at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Jamestown, Williamstown, and Yorktown, in Virginia.

In the earlier days of missionary work in this section, as in almost all other sections, the missionaries were confronted with the enemies of prejudice and hatred to the extent that many hardships were endured and in some cases lives were given in defense of the truth. This evil wave of hatred, however, has slowly receded and the spirit of prejudice has been greatly diminished until at present this hostile feeling is scarcely manifest. This, no doubt, in large measure, is due to the exemplary lives of the Saints and the persistent efforts of the missionaries in crying repentance and "declaring glad tidings of great joy" in accordance with the words and commandments of the Lord.

The worst thing to combat at the present time, seems to be the widespread and almost universal attitude of indifference, and this is hard to overcome. The present period of depression and distress, together with the earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, and pestilences of various kinds seem to be working a great change in the spir-

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Old Kentucky Home, Bardstown, Kentucky



Wood carvings by French-Canadian craftsmen, in demand by visitors from the United States.

St. Lawrence

THE WATERWAY OF ROMANCE

By

E. L. CHICANOT

JOHN BURNS' succinct description of the Thames as "liquid history" might with equal fitness be applied to the St. Lawrence River as far as America is concerned. Not only is the mighty waterway associated in most intimate manner with virtually every episode of Canada's birth and early development, but it is distinctly featured in the historic background of quite a large section of the United States. Had there been no St. Lawrence in the energetic years that have been experienced since those early days the record of the evolution of a very substantial territory on either side of the international boundary would have been very different. And still the great river continues to take a hand in the writing of the history of modern nations, contributing to the realization of their commercial ambitions, furnishing a convenient and speedy medium of international communication.

Though it is probable that the Normans and the Basques knew the great waters of the gulf in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the first known record of their being sighted by white man was when in 1534, forty-two years after Columbus had landed in the New World, the French explorer, Jac-

ques Cartier, reached the Bay de Chaleur and sailed along Anticosti Island. On a second voyage in the following year he passed through the Strait of Belle Isle and entered a small gulf which he named St. Lawrence after the saint of the day. Later in the same year he reached the Saguenay, learning first from its fresh waters that he was no longer on the open sea and bound for India as he supposed. He progressed further up the river to the Indian village of Stadacona which

Mr. Chicano, a Canadian, presents his beloved river. His sentiments will find an echo in the hearts of those who have sailed up its green waters or who have in story fought with Wolfe or have tramped with the French explorers. Truly it is the waterway of romance.

afterwards became Quebec. Going yet further up he encountered an island in the river and on its shore the Indian village of Hochelaga, which after many evolutions was to become the modern metropolis of Montreal.

Thereafter through the agency of this magnificent body of water, navigable and safe, were introduced into the life of the new continent those factors which were to transform it from a wilderness of unknown resources to a developed, richly producing territory. It saw the arrival of Champlain and the founding of Quebec. The boats of Maisonneuve traveled along it to

found Ville Marie, the nucleus of the metropolis to be. By it arrived other explorers who were to further open America to civilization and exploitation; French colonists to establish agriculture and industry; priests and nuns to spread christianity over the continent. The St. Lawrence saw the birth of foreign trade in the northern area, the arrival of assorted merchandise from Europe to be exchanged for furs which were carried back.

The St. Lawrence was witness to the glorious rise of New France with all its pageantry and romance, its heroism and industry. It saw the first clearing of the woods and the settlement of farming communities upon its banks, the springing up of countless villages overlooking its waters. It carried the boats of Wolfe to the storming of the Heights of Abraham against the army of Montcalm which won Canada for Britain. Some years later it brought to almost the same spot the American revolutionary forces under Montgomery to attack the British.



Sight-seeing, Quebec, Canada



The Quebec Bridge

Americans have every reason to feel that the St. Lawrence is part of the romantic fabric in which their own history is bound, for the names of many great personalities greatly revered by them as playing a notable part in the nursery days of their country cannot be dissociated from the mighty river. From the St. Lawrence LaSalle started his exploration which took him over a wide territory including Michigan, Illinois and Ohio. Father Marquette traversed the St. Lawrence before journeying down the Mississippi to win an immortal name for his labors. Much of the mission field of the Jesuits who set out from the St. Lawrence lay in what is now the United States and the people of that country can justly lay greater claim to Brebeuf, Lalement, Jorgues and Hennepin than any others.

AND today, with the United States and Canada great modern nations striving side by side in peaceful rivalry, the St. Lawrence as a great international waterway is an asset of prime importance to both countries. It is a great commercial highway by which the varied products of large sections of both countries start on their way to the export markets of the world. Prospects are that in the not distant future the power latent in the course will be jointly developed for the benefit of both nations. And not least it furnishes all America with a travelway to Europe of unparalleled historic interest and engaging loveliness.

More particularly within the last decade or so the St. Lawrence river has come to enjoy a steadily

increasing popularity with the people of the United States as a shorter, convenient, luxurious and scenically attractive route to Europe. Every year the months between spring and late fall have come to witness the arrival and departure at Montreal of scores of holiday-makers by the magnificent ocean liners, veritable floating pal-

aces, which ply between the great inland port and the romantic countries of Europe.

Historic reverence and sentimental interest would, of course, never alone account for such popularity. The gulf route has many features to commend it. It is in the first place a short route, which is in itself sufficient to recommend it to many travelers. A substantial part of the journey to Europe being in the sheltered river, the length of time spent upon the open sea is accordingly reduced, which appeals to those disposed to suffer from mal de mer. Traveling by this route means getting abroad immediately, starting one's travels, in fact, from a new romantic land. And finally the journey down the St. Lawrence River, especially made in the magnificent trans-Atlantic vessels sailing from Montreal, is one of the most picturesque and altogether enjoyable water trips the world has to offer.

FEW people appreciate, nor can they usually be convinced until

they have studied the map, that Montreal, an inland port situated a thousand miles from the sea, is actually nearer Europe than United States ports situated on the Atlantic. As a matter of fact while Montreal is 2,773 miles from Europe, Boston, the nearest Atlantic port in the United States, is 2,810 miles, or 37 miles farther. New York is 3,010 miles from Europe, or 237 miles farther than Montreal. The Canadian inland port is 373 miles nearer Europe than Philadelphia, 551 miles nearer than Baltimore, 1780 miles nearer than New Orleans.

The traveler leaving for Europe by Montreal journeys for about one thousand miles in the shelter of the banks of the St. Lawrence River before the vessel reaches the open sea and encounters the rougher conditions to be naturally expected there. In other words, travel on the ocean is cut down by approximately one-third, which is an important consideration to those who do not enjoy the ocean trip for itself alone.

Many tourists choose the gulf route because it takes them at the very outset of their vacation into a new land. They are really "abroad" a week sooner than they would otherwise be. An overnight's journey from many points in the United States brings them to historic Quebec, France in America, and they get a taste of what the Old World has to offer before proceeding to Europe. It means a good deal to many people that they can thus, as it were, extend their holidaying and experience at such an early stage the complete change



Mont Horenet Falls, glimpsed from St. Lawrence River after passing Quebec

and refreshment of foreign travel.

Then the two days journey in the majestic ocean liner upon the broad, calm waters of the St. Lawrence, days of leisurely browsing in the intoxicating, invigorating air, may well prove, in sheer beauty and enjoyment, to be one of the highlights of a trip to Europe. For practically the entire time the traveler is within sight of both or one shore of the river and every spot upon which his eyes rest, until land is lost sight of and the vessel begins to toss upon the bosom of the Atlantic, is mellowed by centuries of romantic history.

Tug ropes draw taut as the vessel draws slowly away from the wharf at Montreal against a background of embarkation sheds, giant elevators, towering skyscrapers and looming over all the lovely mountain from which the city gets its name and from which it cannot be dissociated. Montreal—Canada's great business metropolis, the second largest French speaking city in the world, city of churches, convents, shrines, universities, old world markets and natural parks—one can understand the traveler bound for Europe being reluctant to leave it so soon.

Ahead lie long hours of tranquility floating in the balmy air upon unruffled, sun-streaked waters, eyes feasting upon the panorama of pastoral beauty. Ever widening are the verdant banks dotted with quaint old villages, whitewashed houses gleaming, spired church towering over all. Volumes could be and have been written on this voyage from Montreal to the ocean. Only a few features can be selected for mention here.

A few hours after leaving Montreal and the passing of many lesser old-world settlements Trois Rivières or Three Rivers is reached. It is so called because the St. Maurice River, at whose mouth it stands, has three outlets. An old mission and trading post it is today a thriving industrial city and port.

SHORTLY after leaving Three Rivers the Quebec bridge, a classic, awe-inspiring structure, regarded as one of the world's greatest engineering feats is sighted. It has a longer clear center span than any other bridge the world over, measuring 1,800 feet, and is approximately 153 feet above the high water level. Passing under the Quebec bridge is always a mat-

ter of intense interest to passengers owing to an optical illusion which seems to make it impossible for the tall masts of the ship to clear the structure.

Then Quebec—one of the oldest, most picturesque and romantic cities of the New World—a city of medieval appearance saturated with historical association. Set upon a rocky eminence it towers over the vessel upon the river below, a jewel set upon a rugged crown. The ancient citadel upon the ramparts, the high gabled roofs, the narrow climbing streets are all distinctly reminiscent of the old world and give the trans-Atlantic passenger a glimpse of Brittany before he has left his home continent.

The vessel passes down beside the delightfully pastoral Isle of Orleans, which Cartier called the Isle of Bacchus by reason of the profusion of grapes which grew upon its shores. And just before the vessel skirts the south shore a glimpse is caught of Montmorency Falls, that exquisite ribbon of cascading water which is one hundred feet higher than Niagara.

Villages appear tinier on the ever widening river as Tadoussac is seen on the north shore. This old fur trading post, first visited by Cartier in 1535, is at the mouth of the Saguenay, a river 700 feet deep.

Standing sentinel over its entrance are mighty Capes Eternity and Trinity, among the famed natural wonders of the New World, and which lord it over a region of rugged grandeur that is unsurpassed anywhere.

BY the time Father Point is reached the mighty river has in breadth begun to take on the appearance of an ocean though passengers know nothing of that tossing associated with the open sea. Here the pilot taken on at Quebec is dropped and the vessel proceeds along the Gaspé coast under the command of the captain who will take her across the ocean. Gaspé, the region where Cartier first landed and, planting a cross, took possession of the new land in the name of the King of France, has a wild, rugged beauty all its own.

Still village after village appears upon the steadily receding shore, little settlements which harbor the direct descendants of the French colonists who followed the first explorers. Numerous islands of transcendent beauty are passed as the vessel continues to ride serenely on the ever widening bosom of the great river. Then from its decks is sighted Anticosti, an island of about 2,000,000 acres of wonderful fertility.

Two routes offer around this substantial island, one by the north shore and the Quebec mainland and on through the Strait of Belle Isle, the other between the south shore and the coast and islands of the Maritime Provinces, continuing either along the south coast of Newfoundland or proceeding north into the Strait of Belle Isle. Either is comparatively sheltered, full of beauty and fascination, and leading to the open sea.

Two days later than he would be traveling by another route the traveler loses sight of land and is upon the vast wind-swept ocean. They have been days of luxurious, protected voyaging, through a region where old world charm blends with primitive beauty in a manner that is unparalleled, where every hour upon the deck is replete with interest and enjoyment. It is little wonder that seasoned travelers are regular patrons of the St. Lawrence route to Europe, that a greater number of new American tourists travel down the great waterway each season.



Friendly Companionship



Second Place



First Place



Third Place

Indoor Photograph Contest Results

WHILE the entries in the Indoor Photograph Contest were not as many as in the contest *The Improvement Era* sponsored last summer, they were, almost without exception, very good. In most cases the photographers made definite attempts to tell stories by means of their pictures, and a number of them succeeded in producing credit-

able pictures.

We are happy to make the awards as follows:

First Place—"Waiting for Daddy," by Paul S. Bieler, 2928 Grant Ave., Ogden, Utah, taken 10 a. m., April 10, 1933, 1/5 of a sec. at stop f:4. Prize, \$5.00.

Second Place—"Faith," by Grant Leonard and Wayne F. McIntire, taken at 9:30 p. m., April

10, 1933, flashlight, stop f:8. Prize, \$3.00.

Third Prize—"My Best Dish, Too," by G. Vernon Castleton, Eureka, Utah; taken April 15, 1933, 5 sec., stop f:11, flood lamp. Prize, \$2.00.

Other pictures entered in the contest will be run next month. This contest will be repeated next winter, in all probability.

Outdoor Story Picture—Contest

BY exercising care, especially in these days of new and faster films, the amateur photographer can make his pictures tell interesting stories. In order to encourage the camera sportsman to think story in connection with his pictures, *The Improvement Era* will give three prizes for the three pictures which tell the most interesting stories. These pictures must all be entitled. They may tell the stories connected with children, animals of all sorts, including pets, garden nooks, busses, autos—anything at all that has a story element due to position, condition, activity.

Rules of the Contest

1. Photographs must be taken by the person submitting them be-

tween the dates of July 1 and October 30, inclusive.

2. Only amateurs are eligible to compete. (An amateur is one who

Giants in the Earth

By Bess Foster Smith

WHAT are the hills made out of?"

I asked my mother one day,
"God made them long ago," said she,
"Now don't bother, but run and play."

I asked my father the same thing,
"What makes the hills, do you know?"
"Erosion," said he, "and volcanoes,
And glaciers of ice and snow."

Now how in the world could I understand

From what the grown folks said,
So I have decided, the hills are the graves
Of the giants that now are dead.

takes pictures for pleasure only—that is, he does not make a business of taking or finishing photographs for pay. The fact that he sells a picture occasionally to a publisher does not make him ineligible.)

3. Each person may enter as many pictures as he may care to enter.

4. Pictures must be printed in black and white on glossy paper.

5. Each picture must bear upon its reverse side, written lightly so as not to mar the picture, the name of the person submitting the picture, the date it was taken, the stop and time used, and the title.

6. If pictures are to be returned, so specify.

7. Address all pictures to Outdoor Story Picture Contest Editor, *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.



Identity

By Anna Nelson Reed

THE strangest thing of all to me
Is individuality;
That I am I, and he is he,
Without, so far as we can see,
The liberty of choice.
And how indeed it came to be
That this same personality
We keep through all eternity,
To sadden or rejoice!

Yet, after all, we'd hardly dare
Another's unknown lot to share.
Or change what we may have to bear
For what might be a load of care
Greater than we have known;
For, e'en in moments of despair,
When others' lives may seem more fair
And easier beyond compare,
We cling unto our own!

Garden Scandal

By Elizabeth Whitmer Locke

THERE is scandal in my garden
And I find myself to blame;
Lady Hollyhocks are saying
I have covered them with shame.

In my thoughtless love of color
I have planted at their feet
Wanton poppies, frowzy-headed,
Pleasure-maddened, indiscreet.

And I thought the plan was perfect
Till I saw the haughty lift
Of aristocratic noses,
When the opium was sniffed.

Do I find the weaker sisters
With their silly heads bowed down?
I have found them gay, exulting,
Each behaving like a clown.

If I ever do find pardon
From my Lady Hollyhocks,
I will promise in atonement
Next year neighbors shall be phlox.

Desert Mystery

By Lowell C. Ballard

ALONE I rode along a rocky trail
That wound its crooked way into the hills.
I topped a ridge and heard a coyote wail—
That quivering cry that rides the aerie wings
Of Desert Mystery.

His closing yaps
Electrified the air with loneliness.
And then this restless spirit of the night
Appeared, a silhouette against the sky;
Alert, he sniffed the breeze and glided on—
A shadow in a shadowed land.

My horse
Had flicked his ears and with a shy concern
Curved gingerly along the trail.

Western Wonderland

By Ann Jarvis

I AM a lover of high mountain haunts,
Of mighty glaciers, gleaming water-falls.
Swift, foaming streams, blue lakes, and
mineral fountains;
Of forests perched atop fantastic walls
Abounding in all colors known to man;
Of glowing deserts, sunlit, shifting
sands;
This blooming valley, that lone, wind-
swept plain;
Of pounding surf, steep cliffs, and ocean
strands.
I love the solitude of desert nights
And moonlight filtered through dark
evergreens,
All beautiful, heart-filling sounds and
sights,
The sunrise, sunset, starlight changing
scenes.
Where could I find these great loves close
at hand
Save only in my western wonderland!

My Song of the West

By Wilford D. Porter

LET me sing you a song of the wide,
wild West,
A song of the sage and the pine,
For I am a son of the crag and the slope.
And the brook was a nurse-maid of
mine.

My song will be filled with whispering
winds:
With moans of the forest trees;
With the splash of streams as they dizzily
fall,
While their spray is borne by the breeze.

The bass will be notes from thunder's
deep roar.
And the chorus from songs of the birds.
The tenor will be from the hum of the
bees—
Mellow notes from the flocks and the
herds.

Let me sing you a song of the strong,
stately West:
A song of the gorges and mines.
For I am a child of the trail and the cliff:
Of the cactus, the thorn and the pines.

Anthology of Utah Verse

WORK is going forward rapidly on an
Anthology of Utah Verse. It is
hoped that it will be ready for publica-
tion by mid-winter or early spring. It
will contain brief biographies of living
Utah poets and in addition from one to
ten or twelve poems written by each one.
The editors—Elsie Talmage Brandley and
Harrison R. Merrill—will be happy to
have nominations for its pages. They will
greatly appreciate the cooperation of the
poets. Communications should be ad-
dressed to Anthology of Utah Verse, 50
North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Country Spring

By Eleanor A. Chaffee

I COULD stand here, knee-deep in joy,
For hours,
Seeing the pear spray break along the wall,
The first young swelling promises of
flowers;
Hearing the robin's loud, familiar call,
Knowing the full perfection of a field
Where a plow has written promise in
straight rows.
Where the very air with sufficiency is sealed
As he who looks on country landscape
knows.
I could stand here and make this moment
last
Until my senses drank the beauty in,
Storing its harvest up against the blast
Of city streets and their unending din;
Seeing the bees go laden to the hive,
Thinking how good, how good to be alive!

Two Sonnets

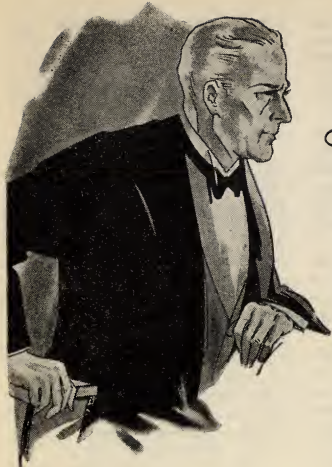
By Alice Lee Eddy

I

CAN there be any poetry in sagebrush.
This tattered garb of grisled, beggar
hills?
In slope of gray monotony that kills
All timid softness? Brutal powers that
crush
The weak? Gnarled sages cringe before
the rush
Of winds. Yet in the spring the glad lark
trills
Undaunted. His clear tune the whole sky
fills,
And beauty comes in evening's lilac hush.
There's terror in the eyes of hunted rabbits.
There's gaiety in flash of pheasant cock.
Broad comedy in ground squirrel's noisy
habits,
Stark tragedy in swoop of ring-tailed
hawk.
No fabrics these, to fashion dreams and
song
Fierce tom-toms beating challenge to the
strong!

II

Aye, poetry is here but who can write?
How catch these cadences in puny words?
How snare in measured line the sweep and
surge
Strophe and antistrophe of the night
And day? Here's patterned verse of crystal
light
And purple shade. Cloud song, a wind-
swept dirge,
With robust sagas noble epics merge
Where rock and weather clinch in grue-
some fight.
The drums of thunder rolling strong and
low,
The raucous shout of sun, relentless,
scorching,
The lilt of rains, soft pauses of the snow,
The tread of years, the tramp of seasons
marching,
The tidal beat of eons ebb and flow
These are the mighty rhythms sage lands
know.



Legacy

By

J. RAE TOOKE

Illustrations

By Fielding K. Smith

"It was the first time he had seen into Conway Gordon's heart, and what he saw there startled him."



"I TELL you Con, it is no use your trying to argue me out of it. You lawyers make your living arguing, I know, but I've made up my mind this time. I think Ethel sees it too. Our marriage was a mistake from the first."

Jeffrey Fare's face was flushed and earnest. His keen, bright eyes, shot forth quick, pointed rays of light as they looked defiantly into the face of the older man standing before him.

"I know there is no use mentioning the money side of it to you," he went on, "and yet a case is a case in these hard times, and if you won't handle it, somebody else will, for I am prepared to go through with this. Last night's hideous affair put an end to all thought of happiness in our home."

"Just a minute, Jeff old man."

The older man's voice was rich and full; just the sort of voice you would expect Conway Gordon to have when you looked into his strong, kind face. It was the sort of voice that would win your trust and confidence even though you did not see the firm chin, the broad, high forehead with the sprinkling of gray hair above it.

"Just a minute boy, not so fast!" Gordon laid his hand on the young man's shoulder while he looked into the straightforward eyes. "Come into the den. We will talk about it."

He led the way to a room where warm tints of walls and hangings, cozy chairs and shelves of books, seemed reaching out in friendly welcome. Drawing forward two big chairs, he motioned Jeffrey into one of them.

"You see Jeff, I can't help but think of your little son," he began as they settled into their chairs. "You were just about like he is now when I first saw you."

"Too bad I ever outgrew it!" the other broke in with a short laugh.

"No, I don't think that, Jeff. Your record so far has been one that any person would have reason to be proud of. There's something inside that fine healthy body of yours that won't let you go crooked. You're made of the stuff that doesn't run, Jeffrey Fare, and I'd bank on you doing the right thing on almost any occasion."

JEFFREY shifted uneasily in his chair. "You've been a mighty good friend to me Con—I used to call you, Uncle Con, didn't I?"

The older man nodded and Jeffrey went on.

"That's why I want you to know that I didn't jump into this thing all of a sudden. I've seen it coming for a long time. I tried to pretend that I didn't see it at first. I fought against the admission of it; fought with all the stuff there

was in me. There wasn't enough apparently." His hands were gripping the chair arms tightly. His body sank further into the cushions as he said, "I'm glad Mother didn't live to see me giving in."

"You're not giving in!" Conway Gordon's words were hurled out like a challenge to a fighter.

"Yes I am Con. We are only ruining each other's lives this way and I want to tell you that there is—there is—"

"Another woman," Gordon's voice broke in.

Jeffrey nodded slowly.

"She nursed our little boy two years ago. We haven't seen a great deal of each other since, but—well, love is a thing you can't command. Her faith in me has been the one thing that has kept me going lately. You see how it is now don't you, Con?"

"I see that side of it, Jeff. Your face told me more than your words, but let me ask you a few questions." He leaned slightly forward, facing his companion.

"You have lived long enough and seen enough of the failures and weaklings in humanity to appreciate certain things which you have back of you which they perhaps never had. What are some of those things, Jeff?"

"Mother!" Jeffrey answered quickly. "You knew mother, Con, and I think you know how much she meant to me." The

young man cleared his throat gruffly.

"She was a splendid woman, Jeff. They don't make so many like her. Was there anything else?"

"Well I guess you might say there was my home life generally. Dad was a funny old stick in many ways but he wasn't so bad. He and I hit it off pretty well you know."

"Did your father and mother have very much in common do you think? Were they in love?"

"Oh I never thought much about them in that way." Jeffrey gave a short laugh. "Somehow a kid thinks of his parents as being past the romantic stage. They never went out much together except when we all went along, but I always thought that they were satisfied."

"Your mother was a lot younger than your father, was she not?"

"Yes she was, and she always looked it; always so fresh and full of life; beautiful, wasn't she?"

"Beautiful all the way through. You have reason to be proud of her young man. But what if she had fallen in love with someone else and left you, or taken you and left your father to satisfy her own desires? How do you think it would have affected your life, taking the viewpoint of society into consideration?"

I SEE what you're getting at now; lawyer tactics all right. But I tell you it was different in their case." Jeffery waved his hand as though to clear away the argument. "They were contented and I can't think of mother ever wanting to leave me or Dad either. We were happy together. It seemed to take us all to make up the home. But in my own case—"

"Hold on, we'll come to that later." Conway Gordon moved in his chair. He seemed talking to some unseen presence in the room as he went on.

"It is a peculiar age in which we live; we are a queer people. Every day we read divorce, we talk divorce, we sanction divorce and separation. We even advise it for our acquaintances. Yet when it lays its talon claws on our own hearts; raises its rancorous voice in our own homes and demands recognition, then do we see it in a different light.

"We feel the eyes of the world

glaring into our souls. We see the gnarled finger of scandal pointed at our children and we must needs stop and consider the cost." His gaze came back to his companion's face.

"Marriage has never been for me, Jeff, yet through my profession it has been my lot many times to search the depths of marriage; to reveal its hidden wounds or its buried happiness and I have learned a great deal.

"When it is a question of divorce and there are no children the thing is comparatively easy to settle; where there are, it is an entirely different matter."

"And do you think for one moment that I have not thought of that?" The young man's head was thrust forward, his eyes were staring hard. "It is not my wish to leave my little son. He will be loved and cared for in the new home."

"But he loves his mother, Jeff, just as he loves you. It takes both of you to make up his life, just as

it took both your father and your mother to make up yours. No matter which of you takes him he must do without the other in a separation which is more cruel than death and one which society sanctions and brands at the same time."

"I know what you're trying to say, Gordon. God knows it is no easy problem to solve but a man has to go through it to understand. You have always been so outside it all. You can't realize the driving force of the power of love."

THE eyes of the two men met. Defiance shot forth from the glance of Jeffrey Fare but it fell defenseless before the wounded, hunted look caught behind the quiet gaze of his old friend. It was the first time he had seen into Conway Gordon's heart and what he saw there startled him.

"I'm sorry, Con." The words were simply spoken but they rang with sincerity.

"I guess there aren't many know it, Jeff. They've known me for so long as a confirmed old bachelor but there was a woman, lad—just one. There never could have been another from the time that I first met her. But I was too late. Same old problem, been going on since the start of civilization, I guess. She was already married."

"I had no idea, Con, I'm sorry!"

"There was a child too. That is what made the difference. It all happened in a city far from here but I can see her yet on the night she made her decision."

The room seemed suddenly to be filled with a warm radiance that lit up the face of the speaker.

"She had had her fight, Jeff. I could see that in spite of her brave smile, but for the sake of the child, she was holding fast to what she believed to be the only way.

"It is going to be my life's work now, she told me, 'to make the best home I can for my child and the man who is his father.' That is the reason, Jeff, that I have gone through life alone."

His voice trailed off and for a moment neither spoke. Then the younger man lifted his eyes questioningly.

"And do you think after all that she was right? Did the result justify the sacrifice of her and your own happiness?"

"That is for you to judge, Jeff. That woman was your mother."

Contentment

(Here's a housewife who is not employed)

By Lucy G. Bloomfield

TO you—vast numbers out of work.

I could spare a bit and still not shirk.

I'm up at dawn for a busy day,

There's a big, big wash to put out of the way.

But first comes breakfast for my bunch, And while I'm about it I'll think of lunch.

As the spuds are frying and mush is boiling.

I'll put on the roast to keep it from spoiling.

Then rub-a-dub-dub till almost noon,

But I'll lighten the task with a merry tune. For why should I worry, my work's without end.

There's mending to do and babies to tend.

In the midst of all the fuss and flutter,

I must set little Paula to churning the butter.

And then when the wash is almost rubbed,

I must tie up a toe that Monte has stubbed.

Then daddy calls from his garden gay;

"Mother! Come! See what's blossomed today."

In the afternoon I take a wee rest.

It strengthens my patience. I find it is best.

Then Ruth with her music has made a mistake.

For her—one two three, one two three, time I must take.

Our family, big, little, old and young,

We work and play till set of sun.

In the evening, there's letters to write,

And a few odd things to round up for night.

But I have the joy of a day well spent,

And on my pillow I find content.

And when with this life's work I'm through,

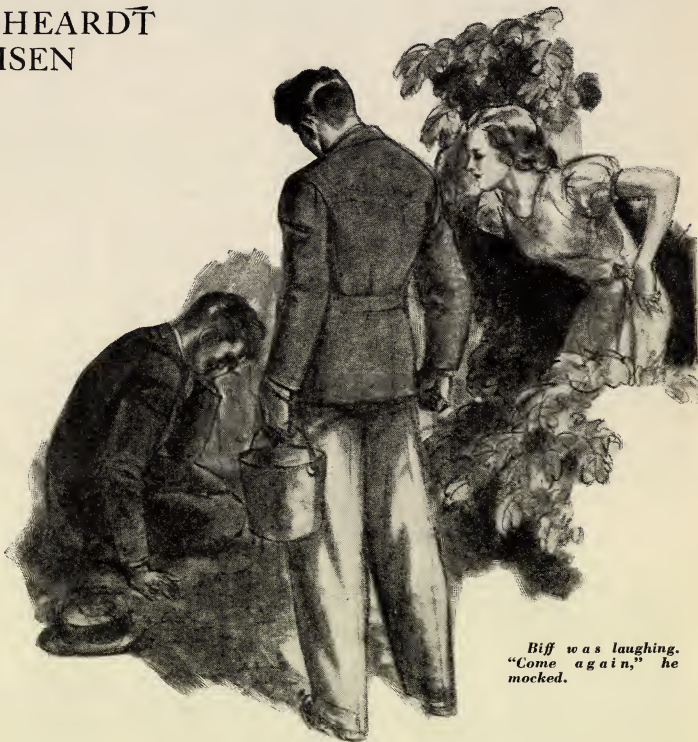
I hope I'll find work in heaven to do.

Forever or Never

By Captain

TRUE BANHEARDT
HARMSSEN

The story so far:— John Alder returns from a mission to Holland. Louise fails to meet him. The neighbors give him a warm welcome. He quarrels with Louise, then learns that she had made it possible for him to finish his mission. Finds her with Biff Randolph at his welcome-home party at her house. John breaks with Louise, gets his ring back, and sours on the world. He is off on the wrong foot. After four months he goes to work on the "Herald," morning newspaper, in the mailroom at seventy-five dollars per month. There is an extra one Sunday, and he is forced to miss church. The circulation manager tells him to adapt himself to conditions, make friends, to find himself, to look for good instead of bad in people. He made an attempt, and was asked by the pressroom and mailroom gangs to help buy some pie and eat with them.



Biff was laughing. "Come again," he mocked.

PART THREE

CHAPTER ONE

MR. ALDER had secured work again, and John found that he could save a little money, and have more to spend on himself. A month had passed since the night of the extra. John Alder had stood for a lot of kidding, but he had been accepted. The pressroom and mailroom gangs had called him "Reverend" and "Preacher," but were now calling him John, and nobody offered him tobacco anymore. He was thankful for that.

One night Red Grogan, a new pressman, offered him a drink, but old Sam, eyes glowing like coals of fire, called Red a such and such

kind of concrete-headed mule. Jack, the short, liquor-drinking mailroom foreman, caustically informed Red that John Alder was a recently returned missionary, and as decent a fellow as ever drew breath; he didn't smoke, chew, drink, nor carouse around.

"I didn't mean any harm," Red explained. "I was just bein' sociable."

There was a moment of embarrassed silence, then John said: "Thanks, Red. It shows your heart is in the right place, anyhow. I don't use nor like the stuff, but I'd felt kind of hurt if you hadn't

offered it to me; felt like you didn't like me, or something. Now I feel like you were my friend. Thanks."

John sensed that little speech had gone over big. Red Grogan was eyeing him critically. He smiled.

"You used to be quite a husky, didn't you?" he asked. "You got a swell pair of shoulders. I'll bet you sure could fight. I'm a boxer. Was rated one of the best; but I couldn't pass up the bottle—now I'm fightin' a press. Don't never start drinkin'. It's the Devil's own pastime—but sometimes I think old Nick is too smart to

touch any of the filthy stuff himself, but gives it all to the poor cusses he wants to ensnare. The Devil ain't so dumb."

It was still an hour until press-time, and there was nothing to do but wait, so John went out into the warm spring night. A big moon splashed the pavement with silver. He walked along the street, and soon found himself standing in front of Louise's home. A light was burning in the front room, so he went up the walk.

He felt that he had to see Louise. His fingers fumbled in his watch pocket, and found the little diamond still there. It seemed as though the ring burned his fingers. That ring belonged on Louise's finger, and he wanted to put it there—tonight. Modern? Yes, Louise was ultra-modern, but he knew that if all the boys spoke highly of a girl, called her one hundred percent, there wasn't much chance of her being bad. Low-cut dresses, painted fingernails, painted lips and cheeks, powdered face, plucked eyebrows and mascara gummed lashes, that bouncing walk of hers trying to be graceful! Yet, in her blue-green eyes there was character. Somehow or other he didn't feel so harsh toward these things, even though the best people didn't condone them.

ON the porch, he raised a hand to knock. A giggle from the porch swing brought him up short. He turned slowly, and walked over to it. Biff and Louise were sitting side by side.

Surprised, John faced Biff, who got slowly to his feet. He was taller than John, his shoulders broader.

"You are no returned missionary tonight, Mr. Alder," he snarled at John. "Get out!"

He gave John a shove.

John staggered, then hurled himself at Biff, knocking him off balance. Biff caught himself at the edge of the porch, swayed, his arms swinging wildly. John ducked and rammed his shoulder into Biff's ribs. Biff grunted and fell from the porch. He lay on the ground gasping. John turned back to Louise, who was crouching against the wall.

Words flew from his heart, but jammed in his throat. What was there he could say? He was butting in where he had no business. Louise

was, technically, nothing to him—there were no strings on her. He realized this as he stared at her, fighting for words. She no longer wore his ring, and perhaps she would never do so again.

Then he was grasped by the shoulder and spun around. Biff loomed before him, his shoulders hunched slightly, his fists churning slowly in front of him.

"Put 'em up and fight!" Biff snarled. "Come on! Are you yellow? Yuh started something, young fellow—now fight!"

Fight! He did not want to fight. What would the Saints in Holland think if they knew their District President had had a fistic encounter? He would get out of it somehow. But he soon found that he had no choice. Biff flicked a stinging right at the end of his nose, and he was forced to put up his fists. Then blows came fast and furious. The air seemed full of fists. Fists smacking into his face, chest, sides, stomach. He was groggy, and staggered. He saw, as through a mist, a fist streaking for his face, could not avoid it. A crash! Lights flickering and flaring up, flames shooting in all directions, then he felt himself falling.

He shivered, sat up. Biff was standing over him, holding an empty bucket. The contents had been poured over him. His clothes clung to him as he got to his feet. Biff was laughing. "Come again," he mocked.

CHAPTER TWO

HIS head hurt as he walked back to the *Herald* build-

Children

By Solveig Paulson

THEY are so eager, these children.
Reaching with hungry hands
For wisdom and experience
Within their narrow bands.

They are so precious, these beings.
With such potential power
Straining toward fulfillment
Through every waking hour.

They are so tender, these children.
They drain the strength from me
And send me reverently to pray
For growth of soul and eyes that see.

ing. Auto lights whizzing past him, street lamps blinking, and a big truck rolled through the street, flushing the pavement. The big moon gleamed like molten gold in the wet surface. There had been an accident on the *Herald* corner. Nobody injured, but a lamp standard had been overturned. Broken glass strewn the street, crunched under his hurried steps. Broken dreams under aimless feet! Shattered ideals, hopes! What was left to him? Ambition? Why ambition when the others are lost?

He descended the stairs to the basement pressroom. The bright lights hurt his eyes. His right eye was almost shut, and ached. He passed his hand over his face. It came away red and sticky. His eyebrow was cut, his upper lip puffy and sore. A shout greeted him then a growl came from the throats of the two gangs. They gathered about him, asking questions all at once. The tears would not stay out of his eyes. Old Sam shooed the bunch away, took him into the washroom, and bathed the eye with hot water, then cold water, then hot again. It felt better. The tears ran freely, but with the bathing of his face, one could not know. He told Sam about the fight. Sam grunted.

The bell rang. Cylinder plates for the big press were being sent down, and the pressmen were adjusting them. It was nearly press-time, so Sam left to help. When the press started grinding out papers, John went to the mailroom, and for the next two hours he was so busy he had no time to think of anything except getting the papers bundled and into the right mail sacks, then the bundles for the carriers were made up, and later the downtown carriers were counted out, then his work was done; he could go home.

He turned to go. The pressroom gang was waiting for him. The mailroom gang gathered around. Old Sam had a grim look on his face. He looked at the others, and they nodded. He turned again to John.

"Tell us who that guy was, and we'll take care of him," he announced.

Red thrust them all aside, and confronted John. "Tell me. Never mind them others. Tell me. I'll fix him. I am experienced. I know

Continued on page 569

Northwestern States Mission

Continued from
page 529

One of the most important features of our work is our Book of Mormon Day. The twenty-second day of each month is set apart especially for the distribution of this book, and no other literature is used. It is our custom to meet early in the morning at some convenient place, and hold a brief testimony meeting. Each missionary bears his, or her, testimony.

WHEN our meeting is over we depart for our tracting districts and try to base all of our conversations, and talks, on the Book of Mormon.

During the past few years ex-pertimers have been carried on with the books placed on this day, and the reaction of the people toward them. It is interesting to note that some of the richest experiences of our missionaries have been in connection with these books, and that through them more people have become interested in the Gospel than through books placed at any other time.

The Book of Mormon Day is a comparatively new feature in our work. It was inaugurated by President Wm. R. Sloan shortly after

his appointment to the Mission Presidency, and has been carried on only for the last five years.

Another feature of our work that was introduced by President Sloan is our annual Caravan to the Cardston Temple. This event takes place during the latter part of July, and is participated in by Saints from the farthest reaches of the Mission. It is divided into two parts: The first for the people of Montana and the eastern section of the Mission, and the second, about a week later, for the western section.

It is said that it is the special duty of this dispensation to take care of its kindred dead, and it is with this thought in mind that we set out each summer for the beautiful "Temple City," almost a thousand miles away.

That you might better see the results of our Caravan, and the amount of work accomplished during its sessions, I have secured the following data: During the past six years the work has been done for 5,069 baptisms, 2,700 ordinations, 6,318 endowments, and 934 sealings. We feel that this is indeed a splendid accomplishment.



The North Central States Mission

Continued from
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twice as many Specials, and 2600 members, with a total population of approximately 10,000,000.

Minnesota, land of ten thousand lakes, is still comparatively well timbered and still abounds in the fish and game which made it a paradise of hunters and trappers in the old days "when it belonged to God" and the Indians, and when Hiawatha carried Minnehaha across the brook in a nearby park which now bears her name, and in which stands a life-sized bronze statue of that chivalrous performance at the spot where it is supposed to have occurred. Now it belongs to the only politically successful Farm-Labor party in the United States. But fertility of soil, abundance of fish and game, the milling interests of Minneapolis, the railroad interests of St. Paul, and the mining and shipping interests of the Iron Range and Lake Superior

region make Minnesota a goodly land. The Twin Cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, have a combined population of about 750,000, in which honest, sturdy, industrious Norwegian and Swedish stock strongly predominates. They are a goodly people, too.

THE prairie states of Montana,

North and South Dakota, and adjacent Canadian Provinces are more arid and of less varied industry; but for thrift, industry and hospitality of their people they are second to none. In Canada naturally many of the people are of Old English descent and cherish a commendable pride in the institutions and traditions of the Mother Country and of their early Colonial History. All in all we modestly admit that we have the very best Mission in North America, or for that matter, anywhere else in the world.

IT is almost a year now since the first call for special workers was sounded, and the response it has received is most gratifying. In that brief period nearly three hundred men and women of all ages, have volunteered their time and their services so that the great work of proclaiming the Gospel might progress. This response is particularly gratifying at the present time because of the scarcity of regular missionaries. Due to the direct labors of these missionaries several baptisms have been performed, and many people have been brought to a knowledge of the Gospel.

So we find the Mission to be in splendid shape. Our tithing offices are receiving produce, which is used to help the poor, and our good Relief Society sisters are always busy preparing clothes for those in need, and above all, the Saints are working and cooperating with the Missionaries in spreading the Gospel through these four Northwestern States: Oregon, Washington, parts of Montana, and Idaho, along with the Canadian Province of British Columbia, and the territory of Alaska.

Last winter a group of Elders in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, won the championship of the Y. M. C. A. Independent Basketball League, and with it a host of friends; but in the main our missionary activities are chiefly of the old reliable type. We occasionally exhibit at State and County Fairs, and have been "on the air" a few times, but we are not good at it. More power to our more successful associates in these lines.

Accompanying are views of our Mission Home, the Minneapolis Chapel, an Indian group, our Basketball team—ourselves.

Just now the work of our local or special missionaries in established centers, and of the summer projects of our Regulars are our major interests. With 10,000,000 people to contact we must "be about our Father's business." Happy Day.

☞ The Central States Mission

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loyal support, and increased efficiency has been the natural result.

IN the past two years Mutual Improvement work in the Mission has received a great impetus as a result of the organizing of a Mission M. I. A. Board. Since that time there has been an increasing interest in the various competitions outlined by the General Board.

The Genealogical Society work has made good progress in the Mission during the past year. We now have several societies studying earnestly the prescribed course and are deriving much inspiration therefrom. Survey committees have been organized wherever possible, and with their assistance many of our members are being helped in their research for information re-

garding their kindred dead and are finding much joy in the work. It can be truly said that here, as elsewhere throughout the Church, the spirit of Elijah is being richly manifested.

The splendid results that have followed the organization of Primaries throughout the Missions of the Church are increasingly manifest as time goes by. The sister missionaries have heretofore given excellent service along this line, but in many places, on account of their being called to serve in other ways, they have been under the necessity of having to turn the work over to the local sisters. Where this has been necessary, the local sisters have invariably taken up the work with enthusiasm, and are getting good results. The children are much in-

terested in the work, and the parents, noting the good that the little ones are deriving from the work, usually become interested, not merely in the Primary work, but also in the teachings of the Church. Quite a number of converts have already been made in this way.

With the decreased number of missionaries from the Stakes of Zion, increasing calls are being made upon the brethren of the local priesthood in the various branches of the Missions. More than two hundred of these are doing missionary work, filling appointments and visiting in the branches and districts. The local missionaries are laboring diligently and efficiently, and they are being well received by the Saints, and finding much joy and satisfaction in their labors.

☞ The Netherlands Mission

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or Meuse in Holland. The giant ocean-liners sail up the Maas into the heart of Rotterdam's harbor, which has been termed the best equipped in Europe. Of special interest to Americans is the Pilgrim Church at Delftshaven (now part of Rotterdam) in which the last service was held by the Pilgrim Fathers before they departed for America.

The Hague, with its many broad, tree-shaded streets, impressive buildings, and spacious squares is one of Holland's most beautiful cities. It is especially known for its Peace Palace, which has been the scene of settlement of many controversies between nations. It is also the seat of the Dutch Government.

THE Zuider Zee, which for centuries has been famous for its fishing industry, will soon become a part of the mainland of Europe, and the sturdy fishermen of Marken and Volendam (interesting because of their quaint ancestral costumes which are still worn), will soon be seen tilling the land upon which they formerly sailed in quest of fish. The plan, which is being effectuated by The Netherlands Government, is to reclaim the greater part of the Zuider Zee and convert it into land suitable for cultivation. This project was begun in 1920 and since that time the work has been kept up with good speed.

The dyke which "shut off" the Zuider Zee, has recently been completed. This dyke is about 19 miles long and extends from Den Oever to the coast of Friesland—the entire width of this body of water. The top when completed will be $3\frac{1}{2}$ meters above the highest recorded storm water height so that even the severest storm will not

dash water over the dyke. In its completed state, it will be large enough on top for double railway tracks, a broad highway and a bicycle path. One section of the project, i. e., the Wieringen "polder," has been pumped dry and this year a crop of grain has been raised on the reclaimed ground.

There are perhaps few countries in the world today where our Elders enjoy as much liberty to perform missionary work as in The Netherlands. This fact may be attributed to the friendly, tolerant nature of the people, as also to the democratic form of government found here. It is said that the Dutch Constitution was followed almost exactly as a model in the forming of the American Constitution, which accounts for the similarity between American and Dutch laws.

In the past, religion has been the cause of much contention and strife in this country. The historical facts connected with the Spanish inquisition and the Eighty Year War indicate that religious conditions have not always been as peaceful here as at the present time. In later years, however, The Netherlands have more closely guarded the individual rights of her citizens, and today nothing is more dear to the Hollanders than their right to believe and worship as they wish.



When the Water Lillies Bloom in Lac la Doone

By Mark Hart

WHEN the water lillies bloom in Lac la Doone
Down along the water's edge in Lac la Doone.
It's a pleasure to go boating
Where the lily pads are floating
When the evening shadows fall on Lac la Doone;
Yes, a pleasure to go boating,
Where the lily pads are floating
When the water lillies bloom in Lac la Doone.

East Central States Mission

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itual outlook of men and women. They seem to be awakening to the fact that they need more of the help of the Lord in all things. Therefore, we look for a fruitful harvest of honest souls, even though the reapers are comparatively few.

WHEN the mission was organized there were one hundred and four missionaries in the field. This number has gradually decreased until at present there are but forty in this Mission. Despite this decrease in the missionary force, however, the membership has steadily increased at about the same rate each year. In 1929, three hundred and sixty-two baptisms were recorded; in 1930, five hundred and two; in 1931, four hundred and eleven; and in 1932, four hundred and forty-nine; making a total of seventeen hundred and twenty-four, of which thirteen hundred and ninety-six were converts. The total membership of the mission is approximately thirteen thousand, two hundred and seventeen (13,217). We have

every reason to believe that there is a bright future before us.

Since the organization of the Mission, five chapels have been erected. The ones at Ashland, and Sulphur Well, Kentucky, were dedicated by Elder George Albert Smith during his tour of the mission in 1931, and those at Howard, and Durham, North Carolina, and Craig, Tennessee, were dedicated by Elder David O. McKay during his visit to the mission in the latter part of 1932. During these services a large number of Saints and friends attended. In each place where chapels have been erected, the work is prospering very satisfactorily. In several other localities buildings have been rented and fitted up so as to be suitable for meeting purposes and a number of new Sunday Schools and branches have been organized.

Many of the local brethren and sisters have been called into the service and are giving considerable of their spare time to tracting, holding meetings, and assisting the missionaries in various ways. It seems that in many instances they

can get into the homes of their friends and neighbors and arrange for cottage and other meetings where the missionaries could not.

There have been many outstanding instances where the blessings of the Lord have come to those who were sick and in distress through the administration of the servants of the Lord, and the faith of the members of the Church. There are a number of instances where people came into possession of tracts in times past and have embraced the truth. Others are now giving serious consideration to our teachings.

Notwithstanding the great depression that is affecting all parts of this Mission, the Saints as a rule, are observing the law of sacrifice through the payment of their tithes and offerings and they are enjoying the blessings of the Lord through obedience to His commandments. Forty-five baptisms have been reported this year, up to the present time, and many applications have been received from others. These will be taken care of as soon as the Elders can make the necessary visits.

The Western States Mission

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laboring here at intervals. These two elders must cover the entire Wyoming District. At Belle Fourche two elders are trying to cover the entire South Dakota and Eastern Wyoming Districts with their headquarters alternately at Belle Fourche and Scottsbluff, Nebraska. From Sheridan we cross the Big Horn mountains down the Sundance river into Big Horn Stake and out again into Thermopolis, Wyoming. We own our chapel here, a fine, old, stone church. We come south passing on the left the great Salt Creek and Teapot Dome Oil Fields into Casper, where a small branch is located. Here, also, we have our own chapel. Next we come to Cheyenne, the capitol of the state. We are located at 3011 Pioneer Street in a nice home of our own. We turn homeward now. Our next stop is Laramie, Wyoming. Dr. Albert E. Bowman of the staff of the University of Wyoming is our branch president. The



L. D. S. Chapel, Logan Square,
Chicago

students of the University attend our branch meetings, preside over our Sunday School and M. I. A. Associations, and do much towards making the branch a delightful place to live in. Our last stop is Rawlins, Wyoming. Here we have our own building. A modest little stone building, capable of housing our small branch.

The records of the Western States Mission date back to 1906. Prior to that time it was known as the Colorado Mission. Presidents McCrae, Herrick, and Knight, each in his turn has done his part to lay the foundation of the Lord's work in this Mission. The Mission has 7,254 members, 23 organized branches, 35 Sunday Schools, 25 Relief Societies, 25 Primaries. Our 7,000 members are surrounded by approximately two and a half million people, and we are trying, as far as it lies within our power, to be the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump.

From Sea to Shore

By Malcom Meacham

FROM some far haven borne, across the
sea
Drift echoes of another land that fade
And blend into the consciousness I made
For quiet living; lands I may not see,
That, longing to be seen, awake in me
Pale dreams and fitful longings, hopes and
fears
That should have passed away with other
years
And break forth now with clamor to be
free.

June Conference

By HENRY SMITH

ANOTHER spiritual feast has come to a close and Mutual Improvement Association workers from all parts of the United States, east, west, north and south, and from Canada and Mexico, have gone back to their homes with a new insight into what is expected of them and a renewed determination to make a success of that which is entrusted to them.

This spiritual feast was the thirty-eighth annual June conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations. Held as in years past in the shadows of the great Mormon temple the conference, which concluded Sunday evening, June 11, was a success throughout. It was an inspiration to leaders of youth to be gathered in general assembly and department session to partake of the spirit and gather the information that featured each meeting.

The new slogan for 1933-34 may be said to have been the theme of the conference. "Inspired by the Refining Influences of Mormonism, We Will Develop the Gifts Within Us." With such a worthy aim as this, oft repeated during the conference by speakers dealing with M. I. A. ideals, the conference could not have failed. In addition to the new slogan there seemed to have been a theme vaguely in the background, yet apparent throughout the conference.

This theme would be hard to state in words, yet it was prominent in most of the addresses by M. I. A. leaders. It was discussed by President Heber J. Grant in more than one of his conference talks. It formed the theme of the testimony meeting and the address of Dr. Ray O. Wyland, national director of education, Boy Scouts of America, who was a visitor throughout the conference and spoke in several sessions. That theme might be stated in the following words, "Inspired Leadership of Youth—The Need of the Hour," yet these words hardly seem sufficient.

This leadership of the youth of the Church and its great responsibility was without doubt the strong point of the conference.

TO pick out the major influence contributing to the success of the conference just held would be an impossible task. There were many contributing factors, among them being the inspirational presence of many of the general authorities of the Church, including President Heber J. Grant and President Anthony W. Ivins, both of whom attended several of the meetings and were speakers on more than one occasion. The loyalty and devotion of the thousands of M. I. A. workers from the field who attended every session gave inspiration to the leaders of the conference.

The June conference this year had many outstanding features. Among these were the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the affiliation of the Boy Scout program with that of the Church held Saturday evening in the Tabernacle; a lawn party in the nature of a carnival, a new and pleasing type of entertainment for the conference delegates; the unveiling of a marker at the site of the Old Social Hall, the first recreation hall in the West, built in 1852 and razed in 1922; and the contest finals.

The spiritual feasts of the conference were many. Every general session added life and vitality to the conference. President Grant at the opening of the conference gave his message to the M. I. A. in no uncertain terms. The President told of his appreciation of *The Improvement Era* and of his early association with the magazine. He recommended that it be in every home of the Church. Then the President made a strong appeal for M. I. A. members to support prohibition in the campaign for repeal. He called attention to past slogans of the M. I. A., dealing with the Word of Wisdom and prohibition, and said that any true M. I. A. worker who believed in the slogans could not vote for re-

peal of the eighteenth amendment.

More of this message from President Grant and of his addresses Sunday afternoon and evening in the Tabernacle, will be given in the *Era* next month, when a more complete report of the conference will be made.

THE grand finals in all M. I. A. contests held during the conference, bore out the advance reports that the contest work throughout the Church during the preceding months was of the highest standard of any attained to date.

Those winning the contest finals were:

Public Speaking: M Men, Merrill Wood, South Davis Stake; Gleaner Girls, Miss Mary D. Thomas, L. D. S. Institute at Pocatello, Idaho.

Dancing: Fox Trot, Miss Lorraine Larsen and Ronald Phair, Northwestern States Mission; original dancing, Miss Marie Bergh and Elwood Larsen, Hollywood Stake.

Operetta: Grant Stake, presenting, "Where There's a Will," directed by Mrs. R. A. Brower.

Drama: Malad Stake, presenting "Peggy," directed by Miss Lutie Bancroft.

Retold Story: Vanguard, Paul Vorkink of the Hollywood Stake; Junior Girls, Dorothy Harden, Northern States Mission.

Archery: Target, Elliot Airmet, Ensign Stake; Clout Champion, Elliot Airmet, Ensign Stake; Flight Champion, Max Cook, North Davis Stake; Team Champions, Loren Briggs, Philip Thompson, Haven Day, Ralph Hardy, South Davis Stake.

Max Cook won the hair braid given by *The Improvement Era* for the best all around work and best outfit.

Vanguard Leaders: Winning Team, Logan Stake; Target Champion Conrad Johnson, Bear River Stake; Clout Champion, Dean Green, Ensign Stake; Flight Champion, Wayne Cook, North Davis Stake.

Melchizedek Priesthood

The Kingdom of God—An Adaptation

(Concluded)

By LOFTER BJARNASON

Now let us turn to the question of the relation of persons to this concept of the kingdom of God. With respect to their relation to the kingdom of God, individuals may be divided into three general classes. Obviously, there is no fixed line of demarcation except in the case of those who have attained a genuine adaptation and those who have not.

First, then, are those who manifest in their attitude and conduct a genuine adaptation due to definite and vital personal religious experiences. They are those who have acquired an abiding faith in God, confidence in fellow-men, and whose every act is performed in the light of this faith and this confidence. Second, there are those who manifest no consciousness of any direct religious impulse working in their lives and hence find themselves entirely outside of any such organization or process as the kingdom of God. Third, there are those who exhibit only a pretense to a religious adaptation and hence a loyalty to the kingdom. They profess a faith which they do not really have but wish they had. They carry out in practice certain literal requirements, but lack the spirit.

As an example of the first class I desire to mention a man I once knew. When confronted with some difficult problem of adjustment to social situations in life, he seemed always to ask himself two questions: How does God want me to behave under these circumstances? What behavior of mine will most effectively enhance the welfare of all others concerned? Upon these questions he meditated long and earnestly. He prayed for divine guidance. He often went into solitude to reflect in secret and in quietude. From such solitude he emerged with a resolution definitely formed. Then he acted fearlessly and resolutely in accordance with his best judgment. He interpreted God's will as the highest conceivable welfare of himself and others. In every movement of his person he manifested an unfaltering faith that the final outcome would be in harmony with God's will. There was no mistaking his attitude. It was clearly to be seen in his physical movements, in his countenance, in the twinkle of his eye and in the manner in which he expressed himself. This man had acquired the religious adaptation; he had put himself in tune with the Infinite. The voice of God spoke to his soul and in

the light of God's revelations he directed his footsteps. He had become a citizen of the Kingdom of God; he had made the invisible inward change and now it was motivating every act of his life.

Here is another man among my acquaintances. He never thinks of God or God's wishes. He frankly admits that he is not concerned about Deity. He plans and connives with his intimate associates to get the most for himself and his immediate relatives and friends from every situation. He is loyal to his friends just so long as his friends serve his own selfish purposes. When one friend or one set of friends cease to be of service to him he breaks with them and seeks new alliances only to repeat the process. He has no sense of obligation to the unseen and unknowable mystery that, to the spiritually minded, seems to exercise a beneficent direction of human affairs. Life to him is a game of diplomacy and intrigue. He is the master advocate of tact and clever double-dealing. He will do anything that can be done within legal limits to further his personal success. His actions harmonize with his thinking and hence he is quite consistent but he cannot be regarded as a citizen of any such order as that implied in the term, the Kingdom of God.

Again, I am thinking of another acquaintance. He represents the third class. He doesn't really care about religion one way or another, but he is desirous of advancing in his chosen line of work. He notices that church members in his community have a higher social standing than non-members; he therefore joins the church. At one time in his life there may have been a little streak of religious faith in his make-up. Perhaps he feels at times that God really exists. However, he does not think of Him in relation to any church; yet he affiliates with the church. Perhaps on occasion he wishes he could make the religious adaptation. He complies with all its ordinances and its rituals. He prides himself both in private and in public on his large contributions and on his service to his beloved church. He speaks and writes with apparent zeal in defense of theological dogmas long since proved to be mere figments of the imagination of primitive peoples. He does this because he thinks that most of his fellow church members believe in these dogmas, and of course many do believe

in them. The faith of such persons is conditioned by the fact that these dogmas are recorded in books accepted as scripture and they are sanctified by age and traditions. All such doctrine this acquaintance of mine defends vigorously. He is a literalist and a fundamentalist to the nth degree. Oh, yes, he testifies feelingly of his convictions of the truth of the established creed. He poses as a defender of the faith and the true church. He is a strict conformist, a devout regimentalist. Occasionally in private conversation to intimates he is not so sure and sometimes ridicules and repudiates doctrine that on other occasions he preaches as divine truth. In reality he lives a double spiritual life. Though the term is not quite appropriate to him, he may be said to be a hypocrite. He maintains his membership in the church and helps to support it and to that extent he may be regarded as rendering social service, but he has never made the transformation implied in the term a religious adaptation.

When we reflect that the most immediate practical service that religion has to render is that of adjusting the individual to a life that conforms to the revelations of God's will, the tests of adaptation become significant. The development of a personality actuated by a high sense of moral personal responsibility and the organization of social relationships on the plane of integrity and mutual helpfulness are the indispensable factors in the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth. These factors are conditioned upon something more than creeds and formulas. If personal conduct and social controls are actuated by mere habituation to precepts set up by external authority, be it ever so divinely established, or by mere proscriptions enumerated in theological statutes, or by mere compulsion of public opinion, they are not truly religious. A person dominated by such forces is not a free soul. A person who tries to limit the soul-freedom of any individual is not fit to exercise leadership in a church community. Too much insistence upon compliance with creeds and dogmas undermines the very foundation upon which personality is founded. In place of free spiritual insight we get mechanical regimentation. Instead of religious progressiveness, we get the theological fixity. Sooner or later in the lives of most persons all

artificial restraints and arbitrary constraints break down. It is then that the regimented individual gives way to his deep-rooted, primitive passions; he becomes a jungle beast acting solely by motives of self-survival. When a regimented society collapses, a crime wave develops and debauchery runs rampant throughout the land. How often have the priests, champions of regimentalism, stood helpless before a panorama of moral destruction and looked on with eyes dimmed by antiquated dogmas while social disintegration went on unchecked? How often have the prophets of righteousness warned both priests and people of the pitfalls in the policy of trying to make of the kingdom of God a mere set of physical ordinances and ritualistic ceremonies?

The great and unifying ideals in the Kingdom of God are these: to motivate life's activities in terms of pride in unselfish service; to develop regard for general individual and group improvement; and to establish a social order founded on cooperation and good will. Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world." By that he meant that it was a union of persons actuated by altruistic motives. These motives were to

be developed from actual individual and personal religious experiences. Such motives could not be supplied by some authority external to the individual himself; they could be felt and acquired only through religious experiences of a personal nature.

Jesus' kingdom was not of this world, for no worldly kingdom in His day was or has been at any time since His day composed of citizens actuated in the personal conduct and social relationships by altruistic motives. His kingdom was to be founded on the principle that good will toward all fellowmen is the dominant motivation in life; it was a kingdom, a social order composed of individuals who had achieved a religious adaptation. This means that each person always regulates his conduct by an inward urge to righteousness. Self-sacrifice in the service of others rather than selfishness, is the keynote. The kingdoms of this world are founded on the principle that self-interest is paramount in human affairs, and can be regulated only by the exercise of external authority. The kingdoms of the world depend upon coercion from without, resulting in passive obedience to prescribed man-made rules. Christ's kingdom de-

pends upon compulsion from within, resulting in active self-initiated obedience to the revelations of God, a knowledge of which is acquired through direct personal religious experience. Rivalry, ruthless competition between individuals and groups and their resulting ill-will are the characteristics of most worldly kingdoms: Faith, confidence, cooperation between individuals and groups and their resulting good will are the characteristics of the kingdom of God.

Most worldly kingdoms tend to become formal, rigid and fixed. The kingdom Jesus desired to see established among men is plastic, informal, dynamic, progressive; it is based upon abstract, inward motivation rather than upon concrete, external rules and regulations. As soon as a person has made the religious adaptation and freed his soul from dependence on any sort of formula imposed upon him by others, he has found the key to entrance into this kingdom. He can maintain his membership only insofar as his conduct in all his relationships with his fellowmen is in harmony with the divine will as expressed in the revelations of God.

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother

(Ward Teachers' Message for August)

By OSCAR W. McCONKIE

IN the beginning "the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep," but God honored it with form, beauty, glory, and offer of peace. Then followed in normal sequence divine injunction to "bring forth grass, the herb yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself," as well as command to the animal kingdom, to which He also gave seed in itself, that every living creature bring forth after its kind, both "cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth." Each reverently responds by abiding the law of its creation.

But God's works are for man whom He created in His own form and likeness, and gave blessed companionship while yet in the Garden of Eden, and to whom He gave dominion over the earth and all its life. Whether the man be a mighty prince, through whom the families of the earth are blessed, or a

humble herdsman devoted to the protection of his master's flocks, he is divinely honored, individually and collectively. The Lord does nothing save He first reveals it to him and to whom the arms of mercy are extended. Through His precious atoning blood the goal of glory is within reach. But man must reach. Salvation is not gained by proxy. If we would have eternal honor we must do honor to the everlasting One, whose command it is that we honor father and mother. There is no election to serve another, nor can there be any other God before Him, for "he that sacrificeth unto any god, save unto the Lord only, he shall be utterly destroyed."

It was anciently counseled to "rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." To fail in appropriate courtesy toward parents, to whom dishonor was punishable as

heinous crime, degraded one. Those who bore us, who sustained us in weakness, who taught us truth, and who through prayer and hope, through joy and sorrow, through works and faith have safeguarded opportunity, deserve better things than feeble words or empty lives. They are worthy our diligent pursuit of truth, our obedience to divine law. The term itself contemplates not only outward token, courtesies extended, and formal acknowledgment of worth, but comprehends also a nice sense of what is right and conduct conforming to just principles. It implies virtue and integrity so pronounced as to confer distinction upon those whom we would honor. It elevates the obedient and bestows justice upon the deserving. It is the Lord's law and he who honors not his father and his mother is accountable to Him.

Weekly Thoughts on Tithing

By DR. FRANKLIN MADSEN

Week of July 2:

The paying of tithing is a dynamic act of service showing loyalty and appreciation to God and His Church.

Week of July 9:

Since the paying of a full tithing is entirely a matter of individual choice and interpretation, a test of honor and truthfulness naturally occurs as the indi-

vidual proceeds to comply with the law of tithing to its maximum fulfillment.

Week of July 16:

By paying tithing we are enabled to enjoy the blessings of holy temples, the enlightenment of superlative educational institutions, and the comforts and inspirations of beautiful houses of worship.

Week of July 23:

The paying of tithing will sanctify to the Lord the land upon which we dwell. This is specifically stated in the "Doctrine and Covenants," Section 119, verse 6, in the following words: "and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me."

Aaronic Priesthood

Fighting the Summer Slump

Another view of the progress made in the campaign to increase summer activity is shown in the following tabulation:

Monthly average attendance at Quorum Meetings as shown by the Monthly Bulletin:

Year	High	Low	Variations
1928	21%	7%	14 points
1929	26%	7%	19 points
1930	27%	12%	15 points
1931	28%	17%	11 points
1932	27%	19%	8 points

The wide fluctuations of a few years ago are being reduced and more consistent activity is being secured. When it is considered that in some of the summer months of former years only 7 boys out of 100 were engaging in Priesthood activity the seriousness of the situation becomes apparent. Allowing for vacations, young men away from home working and other legitimate reasons for absence there appears to be no good reason why summer attendance should fall below 20% at any time. It is hoped that in the near future the low mark will be considerably above that figure and the high mark will be over 30%.

Summer Priesthood activity is in many respects more important than in winter. Every possible effort is urged to keep young men active in Priesthood work the year round.

Aaronic Priesthood Standards

- (1) *Meetings:* Ward Priesthood meetings *weekly* throughout year, if possible, at such time each week as will insure the largest attendance. Lesson books to be in the hands of all members as far as possible. Course for each year to be completed by December 31st, ready to begin following year's outlines.
- (2) *Ordinations — Advancement:* Based on their diligence, boys to be ordained to and in the Priesthood, as follows:
Deacons—12 years (3-year course).
Teachers—15 years (2-year course).
Priests—17 years (3-year course).
Candidates to be individually prepared, under direction of bishopric and ward supervisors, for at least six months before this ordination or advancement. Boys to be or-

daind, if prepared, as near their birthdays as possible.

Every candidate should be particularly instructed regarding the following:

- (a) His personal habits and actions.
- (b) The history of the Aaronic Priesthood.
- (c) The restoration of the Priesthood in this dispensation.
- (d) Observance of the commandments of the Lord.
- (e) The powers that follow the true exercise of this divine authority.

Each one should evidence willingness to perform any duties assigned him to the best of his ability.

Where there are two or more deacons' quorums in a ward, the first quorum should include the older boys, except possibly the presidency of the second quorum.

- (3) *Ward Supervision:* Bishopric, assisted by Committee of Supervisors—one supervisor for each quorum or class, with one as chairman. They also act as class leaders.

Each member of the bishopric has general charge of one grade of the Priesthood—the bishop as president of the Priests' quorum and each of the counselors in charge of another grade. Important that each member of bishopric regularly attend quorum meetings.

- (4) *Supervisors' Duties:* Act individually as class leaders in quorums. Hold weekly committee meetings as a board, preferably after Priesthood meeting. Follow up (a) attendance of members; (b) weekly assignments of duties to all members in rotation; (c) lesson preparation by members; (d) prepare monthly reports to stake committee; (e) prepare young men for ordination and advancement; (f) direct social and fraternal activities; and (g) consider general welfare of quorums. Best fitted men in ward to be selected as supervisors.
- (5) *Quorum Meetings — Class Work:* After opening exercises of ward Priesthood meeting, each quorum or class to meet separately. Arrange definite

order of business. Presidency of quorum in charge (aided by member of bishopric). Only one roll of all members.

- (a) *Activity Period*—Prayer, roll call, consider ways and means of getting attendance of absent members, report on previous assignments of duty, assignments of duty for ensuing week, social and fraternal activities, brief talk by member of bishopric. (15 min.)
- (b) *Lesson Period*—Presidency turns class over to supervisor: Presentation, discussion, next lesson. (Every member should have outline and be prepared on lesson.) (20 to 30 min.)
- (6) *Assignments of Duty:* Every member of each quorum or class should have assignments of duties in rotation, preferably each week. (See List of Assignments of Duty, Roll Book.) Assignments made to be noted in Roll Book at the time; if performed, mark (1) through letter indicating assignment; if unfilled, mark (0), at meeting following that in which assignment was made. Supervisor's business to see that all assignments are performed. Short weekly meetings of supervisors, as indicated under (4), to check up on assignments, etc.
- (7) *Fraternal Matters:* Quorums to visit and assist members in sickness or distress. Welcome new members. Farewell to members leaving ward.
- (8) *Social Gatherings, Outings:* Gatherings that will promote sociability and refinement. At suitable times, every month or two. Let presidency and members suggest and carry out plans and fix rules, with advice of supervisors and bishopric.
- (9) *Correlation Meeting:* Monthly meeting under direction of ward bishopric, of Aaronic Priesthood supervisors, member of Sunday School Superintendent and Y. M. M. I. A. Presidency, Sunday School teachers and Y. M. M. I. A. leaders having direction of young men 12 to 20 years, with ward clerk as secretary, to correlate activities

and cooperate in the welfare of the young men.

- (10) *Stake Supervision:* Committee of High Council, with other assistants. Organize somewhat as a stake auxiliary board. Visit all quorums in wards regularly—weekly, if possible. See that these standards are met. Get monthly reports from all wards. Occasional stake social gatherings. Prepare summary of ward reports for stake presidency and Presiding Bishopric.
- (11) *Union Meetings, Monthly Reports:* Monthly union meetings of bishoprics, ward supervisors, class leaders, and presidencies and secretaries of quorums, under direction of stake committee, are very advantageous. However, at least systematic weekly visits, if possible, by stake committee members and the securing of monthly reports from all wards should be carried out.

Stake Activities

Pioneer Stake issues a Monthly Aaronic Priesthood bulletin containing suggestions to Stake and Ward Supervisors. Every detail of the responsibility of Supervisors is taken up in proper order. In all Ward Conferences held early this year a separate session was conducted for Aaronic Priesthood officers and members.

Millard Stake has conducted a survey of all young men 12 to 20. A special blank was provided calling for a complete check on the history, Church ac-

tivities, habits, family and home conditions, records of parents, leisure time activities, etc. It also provides space for reporting assignments to visit and a record of results of the visits.

Grant Stake publishes a small four-page printed bulletin called "The Boy's Circle." The first issue contained a statement of the objectives of the Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Committees of the Stake, an explanation of the Correlation plan and a complete directory of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Committees.

Maricopa Stake checks on the reasons for inactivity among members of the Aaronic Priesthood in a very effective manner. Headings under which reasons for non-attendance are listed include negligence, indifference, offended, family conditions, tea, coffee, tobacco, liquor, physical conditions, school, employment, living at a distance, etc. In a recent report negligence and indifference headed the list with family conditions second and employment third, as reasons for non-attendance.

Malad Stake has carried on one of the most consistent correlation campaigns of any of the stakes as shown by the reports received at the Presiding Bishop's Office. A monthly bulletin follows closely the form adopted by the Presiding Bishopric, showing each month the comparative rating among the wards of the Stake. Practically every month has shown some unusual and interesting development in the correlation work.

Los Angeles Stake campaign to "get the boys out of the red," which is similar to that of Idaho Falls Stake, has proved very successful. A special card is provided with a marking code which enables the committee to keep a "running inventory" of each member's activity. A stake report accompanies the card as a part of the plan, keeping each ward informed of the activity in all wards of the stake.

Yellowstone Stake recently submitted to the Presiding Bishopric a questionnaire form covering activities of the Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Groups. While many problems have been encountered, substantial progress has been made and the report states that all activities will be fully organized and functioning in the near future.

May Attendance Sets New Record

Attendance at Aaronic Priesthood quorum meetings set a new record for the month of May. The average attendance for all the stakes was 23%. This compares with 21% in 1932. In terms of actual members the increase represents nearly 1500 additional young men in their quorum meetings each week during the month of May over last year.

The splendid work of correlation committees, Aaronic Priesthood supervisors and the summer campaign of the Presiding Bishopric were undoubtedly the greatest contributing factors in this excellent record.

☞ The Revolt Against God

Continued from
page 532

the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints stands; and the fact is convincing testimony to the truth that Joseph Smith announced in a great Priesthood meeting held in the Kirtland Temple on April 6, 1837, (this in closing a lengthy discourse to the Priesthood): "After all that has been said, the greatest and most important duty is to preach the gospel." ("History of the Church," Period I, vol. ii, p. 478); and that is true now, for the Christian world is still without it. The world has not regained any authoritative standing in the more than a century of time that has elapsed since that revelation was given, declaring all these religions were wrong. Of course, having lost divine authority, having changed the fundamental principles and ordinances of the gospel, the only way in which

these could be regained authoritatively, would be by a new revelation, constituting a New Dispensation of things. The so-called Christian churches still deny revelation; revelation for them has ceased ages ago; and therefore they have recovered nothing by way of re-



Mission Home, Los Angeles, Mexican Mission

gaining the status of the Christian church in the first century of its existence.

Therefore, Hear O ye elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and particularly the Seventies, special witness of the Lord Jesus Christ, concerning these high things. You should be reminded of the fact that your ministry to the world is as much needed now as one hundred years ago. It is still true that the gospel of which you are chief ministers, is still needed by all the world, both in civilized nations and among all the undeveloped peoples of the earth. I trust this review by Mr. High, a man of undoubted ability, will impress you with the world's need of a more thorough preaching of the gospel than has yet taken place.

*Forever or Never*Continued from
page 560

just where and how hard to hit. Better let me do it."

John felt mighty good inside, almost as though it were worth the beating he had received to know that he had won the respect of these hard men, more than respect, and they were showing it in the only way they knew. He had told Sam that it was Biff, and he had accepted it as a confidence, and would not tell, but was urging him to tell. Here was a chance to get even with Biff. For what? He had started it. He had butted in where he had no right. But if Biff had two black eyes, people would think he had got the best of it and had whipped Biff.

"It's—" he stopped. Right was right. "Never mind, fellows," he resumed. "It was my fault. I stuck my nose in where I had no business."

"Well, I'll be—" Red shook his head. John saw that he could not understand. Everybody seemed perplexed, puzzled. Some of them even seemed to be angry.

HE felt that he had to say something more. "I'll have to ask that fellow's forgiveness, too, for butting in. Funny if he gave me another licking," he laughed, but his heart wept and he turned away.

Yet there was a queer feeling of exultation in him as though an inner voice had whispered: "You did the right thing!"

He sensed the hostility of his friends as they stood at the bottom of the stairs and watched him leave. Was he to lose their friendship? He knew he had done the right thing, but he also realized that the loss of their friendship meant more to him than he cared to admit. He had learned to like them all in one short month. He had found many good qualities in each of them.

Old Sam for instance, chewed tobacco, but never a payday but the first debt he paid was his tithing. His wife and kids wore good clothes; they loved him, hung onto him. He had seen them all one afternoon coming out of a picture show. Each had an ice cream cone, and was laughing. Jack, his boss in the mailroom, never let a day go by without putting some liquor under his belt, but he never passed

a beggar on the street, a man never asked him for the price of something to eat and was turned down. Half of his money was sent to his mother. She paid tithing on it. He smoked, too, and was always quitting, sometimes for as long as three or four days.

And Shorty, the flyboy, just a young boy with little or no education, was going with a girl who had insisted that he not smoke. He had talked it over with Sam, and the rest of the gang had kidded him unmercifully about it, but the next night they had taken his tobacco away from him, and Sam had asked him how about that girl. He had not smoked now for ten days, and was as jumpy as a frightened frog. His girl wanted him to take her to church, and he said he was going to. All of them, he knew, had some excellent points, and he could pattern after them in those respects.

There was Red Grogan, would gamble for money or for fun, could not pass a bottle, but he would not steal a piece of string. Straight, and honest, and loyal. He was a Catholic, and never missed an early mass, and was always swearing off liquor.

John felt that he was going to miss their friendship very much.

That night when he went back to work, both gangs were over behind the press. Shorty saw him, and shouted. He went over, and saw Red Grogan boxing with a composing room man, dancing in and out, tapping lightly where and when he would, despite the composing room man's valiant attempts to block his blows and land a good solid blow himself. Red moved his head slightly, and blow after blow slipped harmlessly over his shoulder. It was smooth, pretty, excellent boxing.

When they stopped, Sam took the gloves from the composing room man and fastened them on John and pushed him into the center of the improvised ring.

Red Grogan was waiting for him, a wide grin on his flat nosed face.

"Now don't stand on your toes," Red instructed, "but keep your knees bent slightly, and both feet flat on the floor. Lean into your punches. The next time somebody picks on you will be the last time."

DURING the six weeks following, Red Grogan gave John Alder boxing lessons for an hour or two every night, except Sunday. John's shoulders were leveling off, and the muscles were bulging in his back and arms. He was learning fast. Red would not let him eat any pie; told him no drink, tobacco, tea or coffee. John answered that he did not use any of them, that it was part of his religion. Red grinned, and said it was a good religion that could keep young boys from doing such things. Then he said to eat slowly, chewing everything slowly, and to eat as little meat as possible, but lots of green vegetables. How about fruits? Any that were ripe and fresh. That sounded like a sermon on the Word of Wisdom to John, and he chuckled.

"Joseph Smith told the Saints that about a hundred years ago," he said.

"If Joe Smith lived up to what he told them Saints," Red replied, "then he was a husky man."

"He was an accomplished athlete," John informed him: "When he won a religious argument, he always offered to give his opponent another chance to get even with him—wrestling, or a foot race."

At home it was noticed that a better color was in his face, his eyes shone brightly, he was more cheerful. They accepted in good part his request for certain kinds of food, and to make it easier, Mrs. Alder gave the rest of the family the same things to eat. They were all feeling better.

He had been called on once more to speak in church, and had held the Ward's attention with an interesting, doctrinal sermon, had told a few amusing incidents of his mission, and had been warmly congratulated by his friends. The next Sunday he had been approached by the Sunday School Superintendent, and now he was teaching the Church History class.

At the end of the six weeks, he was called into the circulation manager's office. The boss was smiling, and John noticed that he was a friendly sort of man. He greeted John warmly, and offered him a cigar. John hesitated, then took it. The boss's face turned red, then white.

"Thank you," John said. "I don't use it, but thanks for the offer, just the same."

"Gimme that cigar!" his boss snapped, then he laughed. "No, keep it. Give it to Red Grogan tonight; he likes 'em—he likes you, too."

After a moment of silence, during which John was subjected to a close scrutiny, the circulation manager continued.

"This is confidential; don't spill it. There are going to be a lot of changes. You are slated for District Manager for the south end of the city. Now don't go telling me you'll do your best; I already know that. I know more than you do. I know you are going to make good, and you can't know that, but I can. You made good as a missionary, you came home, and made a bunch of hard men like you who already hated you. More, you won their respect, and you can do things with them."

"The south side is what is called the tough part of town. I am deliberately sending you there because you are a better type of young man than usual. You don't smoke, drink, swear; you go to church. You're a Sunday School teacher. You have mastered the technique of not seeing the faults in others; you are looking for the good in them. I know. It is my business to know."

"Maybe you surprised everybody else when you snapped out of it; but you didn't surprise me. There are bigger things ahead. Very soon I am going to need an assistant circulation manager. The man I pick for that will deserve it. Now don't high-hat the people on the south side, and don't let them put anything over on you, either. Now, get out."

JOHN rose and went to the door.

His boss called: "Wait a minute. It is the policy of this paper not to give an executive position to an unmarried man. As my assistant, you would be an executive in the circulation department. Think that over."

That sounded almost like a promise, and John did think it over, and his thoughts invariably return to Louise. He hadn't seen her since the fight with Biff, but he had heard of her. She had been seen at this dance hall with Biff,

at that party with Biff, at the show with Biff. Always Biff!

He was out of the party stuff, the dances. His job made it impossible. Working nights and sleeping days and studying afternoons gave him no time for parties. Lately he had been studying business management, psychology. He was determined to forge ahead in life. He no longer thought that the Lord owed him a debt for his two and a half years in the mission field, and he was bound to succeed because of it as long as he did not neglect his church duties.

He was beginning to realize that the church activities were to keep his mind directed in the right channels, to help him understand and live his religion during his every day life, to appreciate the good in others, to look for the beauty in all things. He told himself that success depended upon himself, his attitude toward God, life, and his fellowman. Neither the world nor the Lord owed him a living; he must earn it. Neither did they owe him happiness; but "man is that he might have joy." Might! That implied a condition. A condition of mind, a reaction to work, recreation, associations, personal habits. He was, for the first time since his return from the mission field nearly ten months before, beginning to derive happiness from his daily life. He liked to see friends; he was glad to meet them and they appeared glad to see him.

He was late getting down that night. It was nearly ten o'clock, but he had plenty of time. He had been walking, thrashing out some things with himself. Assistant Circulation Manager! There was a bunch of ripe, sweet grapes hanging within reach. But he had to be married. He felt in his watch pocket. The ring was still there. If Louise would only listen to him. Surely she could not fail to see the change that had come over him. He had been a bit sanctimonious and wooden, he realized, but it wasn't right for her to hold it against him. He paused. "Wasn't right!" he grinned to himself.

Louise was a sweet girl, clean, good. Darn her paint, powder and dress—everybody was doing it. People didn't even notice it. That sort of stuff changes, but character remains—sometimes dormant; but there just the same. Louise had character.

Red Grogan greeted him at the foot of the stairs with a hard slap on the back, and he thrilled because it did not hurt. He was hard as nails. His muscles were pliant; but like steel cables. He gave Red the cigar, and watched his face as he smoked it. Toward midnight, the bunch sent Shorty, the flyboy, after pies, and an ice cream cone for John. It was nearly press time, so Sam admonished him to hurry. He ran up the stairs, but stopped short.

"Where shall I get that ice cream?" he shouted.

"Around the corner, down two blocks is a place that's open," Sam shouted back.

"Be careful," Red waved the stub of the cigar, "a foxy crowd of young people hang out there. Better get the ice cream first, or they'll take your pies away from you, and then we'd have to go get 'em back."

Shorty darted out the door, and Jack turned to Sam. "Ain't there any other place open?" he asked. "That place is a speakeasy."

"A speakeasy!" Sam was surprised. "Why, me and the wife and kids gets ice cream sodas there real often."

"Yeah," Red Grogan turned a cold eye on Sam. "Lots of respectable people go there, not knowin' what it is—but them in the know can get liquor there—I do. The fedrals ought to raid that joint. It's spoilin' the young people."

"It's pretty hard to get evidence on those joints," Jack growled. "Some of us citizens ought to do the raidin'—a good smashin' raid. I'd help."

"Thought you were a drinking man," Sam asked in mock severity.

"Well, I ain't!" Jack snarled. John saw that he was trembling. "I quit—three days ago, and it's places like that that make it so hard to stay quit. It'll be just too bad if I ever get turned loose in that joint. That's how come I got started drinking, hanging around a place like that with a crowd of young people."

JOHN left them, and finished his work in preparation for the papers, then rejoined the bunch. They were arguing about what good a mission did to a fellow. None of them were telling dirty stories. John had heard none for nearly three weeks. None of them

had ever been on a mission, so they appealed to him.

What good does a mission do a fellow? He had never looked at it like that. He had always looked at it that the missionary was doing the good to somebody else, not particularly to himself. What good had it done him. It had broadened his vision, made him love right, justice, fair dealing. It had taught him the true value of his religion—eternal salvation. It had given him an intense desire to amount to something, to have some kids to go on missions. It had made him stop swearing, smoking. He guessed he had got more out of it than he had put into it. Funny he had never thought of it before. He had figured that the Lord owed him something, and here he admitted that he still owed the Lord a debt for letting him go on a mission.

They all laughed at his explanation, but it was a friendly laugh. John detected the difference in tone, in quality. They accepted what he said. They all admitted that they would like their sons to go on missions. That was a tribute to John Alder. He had won their admiration in addition to their respect.

The door at the head of the stairs banged open. Shorty bounded down four steps at a time.

"Fer cripes sake!" he shouted. "Johnny! Biff's got Louise in the cafe tryin' to make her take a drink—I guess it's bootleg. She's fightin', but there's a crowd around, urgin' Biff on. She was about to cry—she looked at me—said, 'where's Johnny?' She must mean you! Come on quick. The rest of you bozzoes better come too, the whole bunch might pile him."

He turned and ran back up the stairs.

To be Continued

Laden Wagons

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

LADEN wagons—summer haze,
White tops gleam in sunset blaze;

Laden wagons filled with grain,
Seed to sow the arid plain—
Yellow corn and golden wheat
For the darkened furrows deep!

And other seeds for waiting land,
Other seeds for desert sand—
There in flare of evening fire
Priceless seed of new empire!

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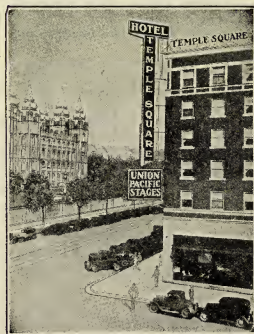
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Bread and Milkweed

Continued from
page 524

Besides, she really had no right to be spoiling the beauty of an October morning with melancholy musings. There was a blue, blue sky, and there were white, white clouds; there was a swift, crisp wind blowing; and from the chimney of the old adobe hut came soft circles of smoke, swiftly disappearing into the blueness of the sky; and there were tiny sparks flying—flying. Yes—flying into the haystack!—and before she knew it, the haystack was ablaze before her eyes!

"Mother! Mother!" Christine fairly burst through the door. "Look, mother, it's on fire!"

"What, child?"

"The hay, mother!"

"Christina. Christina—bring your father—*quickly!*"

Over a mile to town!

Nearly a mile to the closest house!

Christine knew nothing, saw nothing, remembered nothing save the weariness of her feet and the heaviness of her body; and when she stood breathless and exhausted in the doorway of the church, it was all she could do to gasp: "Father, the haystack is on fire!"

IF a bomb had been exploded into the congregation the dispersal could not have been more immediate and complete. Men, women, and children picked up hats and fled into the yard, where they crowded into her father's wagon and counted the seeming centuries that passed before they reached the farmyard. Swiftly then, women and children went with buckets and tubs for water from a nearby stream, while the men took pitchforks and made frantic attempts which resulted in the rescue of a few forkfuls of burning hay and six scorched pumpkins.

After it was all over, and her father had said the usual "I guess there's no use crying over spilled milk," Christine wanted to do nothing half so much as to bury her head on somebody's shoulder, and whether there were any "use" to it or not, cry her heart away. But as they all walked slowly to-

ward the house she thought she saw her mother wipe her eyes ever so quickly and then turn away. She went to her mother's side, thinking desperately as she went.

"Say, mother, I've thought of a good one—a *really* good one, I mean. It goes like this:

"We hid our pungkins in the hay,
Alas, my poor heart ached;
The stack burning down, and do
you know,

Those pungkins came out baked.

"And—wait a minute—here comes another—

"We fed our cows on fresh-burned hay,

How sad those poor cows looked!
And next day to our great surprise
The milk came out half cooked!

"You know, mother, it isn't so bad after all, is it?—being pi'neers, I mean!"



Coach G. Ottinger Romney, B. Y. U. Cougar Basketball Coach, receiving Denver Post trophy for Rocky Mountain Conference, Basketball Championship from C. L. "Boss" Parsons, sport editor. The championship Cougars are in the background.

B. Y. Cougars Emerge Rocky Mountain Basketball Champions

AFTER playing through a strenuous season in which Brigham Young University and the University of Utah had to play off a tie to determine the winner of the Western Division of the Rocky Mountain Faculty Athletic Conference, the Brigham Young Cougars met the champion Wyoming Cowboys, from the University of Wyoming, and defeated them twice during a three game series which was played in Provo early in March. The second victory over the Cowboys came after practically everyone in the

gymnasium had conceded defeat—with the exception of the players themselves. With eight minutes to play, the Cougars made up a ten point deficit and added four more points, finishing the contest on the long end of a 41-39 score. The Cowboys tossed a basket a few seconds before the game closed, but fell two points shy of tying the fighting Cougars.

Cowboys and Cougars played for the championship of the conference last year in Laramie where the Cowboys won by a narrow margin.

Honoring Prof. Evan Stephens

AFTER the passing of Professor Evan Stephens, noted leader of the Tabernacle Choir, an unpublished song-poem written in pencil was found in one of the Master's psalmodies. This poem is given here in the hope that some more youthful composer may be able to make it ring with melody as Mr. Stephens might have done had he lived a little longer. George D. Pyper, a friend for a half century, offers his tribute.

Retrospection

(A heretofore unpublished poem)

By Evan Stephens

WHAT, after all that Thou hast done for me,
What have I done—what have I done for Thee?

After Thy great and saving sacrifice,
Lord, am I worth so vast and great a price?

How have I served Thee? Has my mind and heart

Ever been ready to perform their part,
Gladly to praise Thee, and Thy words to rever,
And Thy Commandments ever held most dear?

What have I done e'en to the "least of these,"

What have I done, some woe or pain to ease

Of those who labor in Thy blessed name,
Whom have I spared from bitter grief or shame?

Who from the darkness and the gloom of night

Have I brought forth to see the blessed light,

What, after all that Thou hast done for me,

What have I done—what have I done for Thine and Thee?

Thee I'll remember, and Thy sacrifice—

Thee will I serve with all that in me lies.
Mornings and evenings, on my bended knees,

To Thee I'll come and seek that sweet release

From earthly errors and from worldly sin,
And in Thy name ask God to let me in—

In to His Kingdom, there to dwell with Thee,

Thou Savior mine, who bought and ransomed me.

Evan Stephens

By GEORGE D. PYPER

JUNE 28—The anniversary of his birth—1854.

"There are moments in life," says one writer, "that we never forget," which brighten and brighten as time steals away."

Such moments were often recorded on my memory during an intimate association for half a cen-

tury with Professor Evan Stephens.

He was born in poverty. As a mere child he was obliged to herd sheep in his native Wales to help support his father's family. Coming to America as a lad he crossed the plains on foot. At twelve he became an alto boy in the Willard Choir, where his first ambitions were aroused. In that humble village he engaged in varied humble occupations—farming, teaming, railroading, carrying rock, mortar, and even the hod, for early Willard homes, but always dreaming—dreaming—dreaming! And a little four octave organ carried him into realms of ecstatic musical imagination that fruited later into voluminous compositions which have delighted his people and immortalized his name among them.

Evan Stephens' rise to the pinnacle of directorship among the Saints is a romance of enthralling interest. Nothing daunted him—Children's Choruses, Operettas, Oratorios, Cantatas, Glee Clubs, even Grand Opera.

Without scholastic education his songs breathed the true spirit of poetry; his anthems rang out in our assemblies.

An ardent lover of nature, flowers, trees, mountain streams, rocky peaks and pine-clad hills held for him a strong appeal. To him the quaking aspens sang as they fluttered; the pines vocalized as they moaned.

His enthusiasm was unbounded, his baton seemed actually to pull music from his singers. One couldn't sit idly by while he directed.

Romantic to the highest degree, his direction of cupid's dart was for others rather than for himself.

Loving youth, he sought its company and gave largely of his meagre means to help those he chummed with. Convivial, agreeable, free, he loved old friends, old places, and had his religion permitted, "Old Wines" might have been included.

Evan Stephens was of the common people and he wrote his songs for them. A musical Mussolini, he wanted his own way in the conduct of his choir, and succeeded best when he had it.

His personality was unique.

May the memory of him live on!

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Farmer Gone Wrong

her-name home. Tell Doo Dad that she had the nose bleed and we couldn't find him. Tell him it's all right. I'll tell you about it tomorrow," and he was gone.

THEY rode home in silence. Sadie made no pretense at not letting him see her cry. They got home and into the lower hall. Mrs. Billings came out in a dressing gown and said that they had been trying to get Miss Ross on long distance all evening.

Pete patted her shoulder and smiled and left. Sadie went to the phone. Yes, this was Miss Ross. "My father! Yes, I can come tonight." She ran after Pete. Sure, he would take her to the train, anything serious? He would wait downstairs. She had twenty minutes.

Mr. Ross died before Sadie got home. They were all dazed. He had been working on the farm Thursday afternoon. People came, and everybody was kind. Lowell Nevett sent the proper telegram. Blanche came down. Sadie went through all this with a kind of numbed detachment.

She stayed home two weeks. It was decided she should go back and finish out the year. Mrs. Ross was going to sell the farm and live with her sister. All this would work out all right.

Sadie went back. She didn't see Lowell Nevett again that year. He had been transferred to the San Francisco office. She didn't go out again, but went back to her old cure for all ills—work; but deep down inside under the hurt of that last night, under all the trouble, an idea was forming.

That summer Sadie refused the help of relatives for the completion of college. She would go into San Francisco to business college and then if she could make her own way she would like to finish up and get her degree.

She went at this school with the same grim determination she had gone at the last one. Only a little while now and she would be able to try for a job.

One afternoon she went down to put on her hat and saw through the mirror the grinning face of Pete Rowley.

"Hi, sister. Let's go buy a cake. I gotta plan."

"Pete Rowley! Where did you come from? Is Blanche here?"

"Naw, she wrote me you were here and to see how you were making out, and here I am, just like you'd been rubbing a lamp."

They were walking out. "How you been? Blanche says you two still write a lot."

"Fine. It's a pleasure to see you Pete. Even you."

"Come now Jezabel, be kind," Pete said and then added, "how long before you'll be through? Maybe I can get a little work for you and maybe a job. Where we going? Are we after a cake or are we going to play croquet?"

"If you really want some cake, come over to my place. My mother sent me one."

Pete's face lit up. "I knew it! I could smell home cooking all morning."

They talked and walked and got home and ate cake and talked some more. Pete did most of both the eating and the talking. His boss, yes, he was actually working, was writing a book. That is, his name would be on it. It was one of those scientific things and Pete was collecting all the material.

When he got up to go he said carelessly, "Ever see Doo Dad Nevett? He's here, you know."

She smiled, "No, but I'd like to, some dark night."

He smiled back and told her to keep her neck clean and let him know when she was through kindergarten.

The time sped by, leaving only one more week to go. The school said she had made a wonderful record and they would try to help place her. Then Pete called.

"This is it, isn't it? Have you got your white graduation dress made?"

"Hello, Pete," she said, "Yes, I'll be through Monday."

"Well, it's about time. I'm in a rush, so take this dictation. You'll get used to the phrase. Come down to 38 Market at 3:30 Monday and enter into the world of business."

He went on, not giving her a chance. "It's only part time but that's better for a starter. All O. K.? No, thanks, it's a favor to

me. Goodbye, don't pick up any colic, it's going around," and he hung up.

SHE went down Monday and Pete met her at the door. There were three nice offices. She met his boss. He nodded to Pete and went out. Pete told her there was nothing to do but do as he told her which, he added, would be a pleasure on his part. He said she could start in the morning, and then added, "Let's go eat. I got other plans still, and I want lots of props for this act."

They found a place and Bill started right in. "Now don't interrupt me until I've finished, not even for cake. I'm old enough to say all this and still have it in the rules, besides I'm sorta in the family in a way. Now here's the thing. After that dance up at the club I started to think. Don't ask me what I used for brains 'cause I'm serious for once. I wondered why a boy would say the things he did about you, even taking into account what a flat one he is. You're smart; you have natural possibilities in looks aplenty. Not a word, let me go on while it burns me. I came to the only possible answer. You had been raised a little differently from the way we had. I don't say our way was best; but you're living among us now and you know the old Chinese saying, 'When in Rome do you see many Roman noses?' Well, to make all this blunt and sharp, I've taken on myself the side of your education which you never thought was important. I'm doing it as revenge on Doo Dad, since you wouldn't let me bust him one when he needed it. If you like it just nod and let me finish." She nodded. "Well, my cousin Kay Wilson, maybe Blanche has told you about her, is a designer for one of the smartest shops in San Francisco. She's to be the new Dean of Women. She is of the best in every way and has heard all about you through me and Blanche, and what's more she liked the idea and has sworn to secrecy. You're not even to wash your neck without her advice.

"Now, for example here are a few things I suggest. Don't be in such a rush about everything. That

walk of yours will never do. You aren't jumping mud puddles on Market Street. The only mud in this town is up at the Civic center in the city offices. Let men do the talking. Always think twice before you say anything. Your mind is one-hundred percent, but your tongue is always in head of it when you get out. You promised not to be hurt, so smile." He talked on and on.

That night Sadie Ross was so bewildered at all that had transpired that she fell right off into the untroubled sleep of utter exhaustion.

Weeks passed. She met Kay Wilson and liked her. Sadie went through this school as she had gone through the other two. The results were amazing, even to Sadie Ross, who was now Rosalyn Ross, after her mother. The work she did at the office came easy and she was well liked. She started to go out to parties, to hotel dances, and then up a step to the operas and musical shows and symphony concerts. Sadie Rosalyn Ross; she didn't even know herself at times. She became more self confident in time and even ventured to put forth some of her ideas and convictions out in public, always in a quiet, cool, unruffled voice. Never views on farming.

When anyone asked her who she was and from whence she came, she smiled and said, "I'm a farmer gone wrong." Everybody laughed and nobody believed her. In the old days when she tried to hide the straw in her makeup everybody knew she was a farmer. She laughed and wondered about it all.

KAY knew where to buy the smartest things at the lowest possible prices; knew what to wear to bring out one's best points; knew all the beauty treatments. She had taste and judgment and seemed to take delight in using her knowledge on Rosalyn Ross. Then one afternoon Rosalyn made her biggest stride of all.

Pete came in out of breath as usual and said she was fired. He said that she had a job, a real one, working in the offices of Barrett and Mose Construction Co. Pete took her down the next morning and she started to work the next day.

That night she called him and said that he would have to stop

doing things for her. She would soon be so far in his debt that she would never get out. Pete told her she was a little out of character to gush and to forget it. He asked if it was cake he could smell over the phone.

For the first three weeks she did just as the business college ads said their graduates would do. Mr. Barrett's secretary came down the row of desks and asked Rosalyn to come into her office. She said she had to leave town but that Mr. Barrett wanted a report on a new building. The list of material wanted was on this paper. Here were most of the places she could find the stuff. Yes, she could use this office. And the secretary was gone.

Rosalyn looked at the list. She looked at the references and looked at the books. Here was something she could do and do well, so she plowed in. She made notes, called up a man, made more notes, went to see a company, made more notes, and worked until eight o'clock. Next morning the office was buzzing with excitement. The secretary had run off and got married. Gone. All the girls wondered.

Mr. Barrett came out of his office and asked who R. R. was. Sadie said she was. He wanted to see her. "You're Miss Ross I believe?"

"Yes."

"You came here on a very good recommendation. I like your work." He went on. "This report, did you do it all?"

Sadie nodded, "Yes."

"It isn't exactly what I wanted but that isn't important. What I like is the effort. It's more than I am used to around here. How would you like a try at a secretaryship?"

"I would like it if I were sure I could handle it."

"Fine," he said; "you can start today. We can make the salary arrangements when Mr. Mose gets back."

Sadie went at it as she did everything else. In three weeks Mr. Barrett admitted that he didn't know how he had gotten along before she came. She met Mrs. Barrett and went out with them for dinner. Mrs. Barrett even liked her, and when a farmer can do all that in a month it's time the sons of the soil were called something besides green.

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Mr. Barrett started leaving small items in the business for her to handle in her own way.

A week later she was working at her desk when the buzzer sounded. She lifted the receiver.

"A man to see me about some advertising. If you are not busy I'll let you handle it. I'll send him in." No more warning than that. She looked up and there stood Doo Dad Lowell Never as big as life.

JUST for a minute, ever such a short one, all the old panic returned. She was Sadie Ross again and wanted to talk and babble to cover her embarrassment. But only for ever such a short minute. She kept still and smiled and slowly began to realize that she was really seeing him for the first time, his pink baby skin and weak chin. She smiled again and liked the situation even better. Here was this monkey who had caused her a bucket of tears, and he wanted something. She thought, they write stories for moments like this. Then he spoke:

"Sadie Ross! Well lay me low."

She wanted to call him Doo Dad, but thought better of it.

"Hello, Lowell."

He laughed, "I came in here for something but you sort of took my breath—that is—you're thinner aren't you?"

The fool, he was blushing!

"Can't we go and have some lunch some place and talk? It's surely good to see you."

"Yes, right now if you like."

He helped her on with her coat. "Where would you like to go?"

"I love fish," she answered, "San Francisco is full of them." She glanced at him to see if it struck, but he still beamed.

Across the table at Bernstein's he began again. "Now tell me all about yourself. What's happened?"

This time she recognized the farmer's pitfall so easily. "It wouldn't interest you, Lowell. I'm just another farmer gone wrong. What are your chief hopes and worries?"

He said, "My worries are the

depression and my hopes are business. The hopes are plenty slim."

THEY ate and talked and she actually enjoyed it, she felt so completely master of a situation once so baffling. Let him talk, he would get to it himself soon enough. Finally he said, "My company seems to think they could handle your advertising account for a lot less money than the Andrews people and do a lot better job in the bargain." He took a folder out of his pocket and began in earnest. She wasn't listening.

"Lowell." He stopped talking and looked up in the middle of his strongest selling point, surprised at the tone in her voice. "I heard what you told that girl at the club the night my father died." She saw the color drain from his face. "You see, I'm not a competent judge of the merits of your sales talk. I'll give you a fair break, however, for the nice times you showed a green farmer's daughter. I'll tell Barrett I would rather he made up his mind about this himself. This winds it up. I've paid off my obligations and I'll pay my own check."

He started to say something. He was never sure what it was. She had gone.

Sadie ditched down a back alley to shed a few tears for being so nasty before she called Pete's office from a corner drug store.

"Hello, that you Sadie? Did you give him both barrels?"

"How did you know, Pete?"

"I sent him down there, the squirt. He had it coming to him. I knew there would never be any hope for me until you had given him the works. I've been like this all along. Blanche knows it; Kay knows it; and now you know it, and if you just say the word, the whole town can know it."

Sadie Rosalyn Ross laughed. "I had hoped for this a long time and wondered how long it would take me. I'm down at a corner drug store. If I had known you were coming I'd have baked a cake."

Pete Hubert Rowley laughed. "You're right in there, Gretchen. Where is this drug store?"

Pete was a good egg. That's a good ending for a story about a farmer, I guess.

Your Page and Ours

A MISSIONARY SPEAKS OF THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

GENTLEMEN: "Sioux Falls, S. Dakota, June 2. The *Era* is worth a lot to us here in the field. In fact, though there was a stack of them always around home, it wasn't until I came out here that I actually became actively conscious of its existence. But now that I have learned its value—try and take it away from me—or any of the rest of us. And while I'm about it, the missionaries in this district are positively 'crazy' about 'Forever or Never.' There are only half enough copies to go around and it's almost a struggle for it when it comes. I suppose it's needless for me to say 'Keep up the good work,' but here's to bigger and better *Era*'s. I only wish they came as often as the *Liahona*."

Yours truly,
LaRelle Nelson."

SOMEBODY said, "It is a difference of opinion that makes horse-races." Read the following communication.

"Route 1, Phoenix, Arizona.

DEAR Editor: I have been reading the *Era* for nearly two years, and enjoying it, too. Now I want to make a protest.

"Captain Harmsen must have a conscience that bothers him to make him write such stuff as he is putting in *Forever or Never*, and he must have something on the Editor to make him print it. No missionary released from the mission field would think and act like John Alder does. If he did, it would be because he deserved a dishonorable release, and hadn't got it.

"A man who has spent two or three years in the mission field, preaching the Gospel by the Power of the Spirit, one who had the Spirit of his Calling, could not be that bitter. *The Improvement Era* is to be condemned for printing such material, and Captain Harmsen should be spanked for writing it.

"I wrote the Captain at Phoenix, Arizona. He got my letter and replied: 'Was you dere Sharley?' No, I have never been on a mission, but I know that a faithful ex-missionary could not act and feel like John Alder does in 'Forever or Never.' I call upon all young men and women who have given their time and money in the cause of the Lord to rise up in protest against this story. Stop it. Don't finish it. It doesn't belong in the *Era*. It belongs in the fire. Burn the unprinted installments.

"You wouldn't actually pay money for this trash, would you? I will give you better copy.

"Was Captain Harmsen ever actually on a mission himself? And was he really a Conference President like the announcement said? Why won't he explain his action in writing such a story? He said: 'I do not attempt to explain any action or result of any act of any character in 'Forever or Never'—or any of my stories for that matter. I put it down as it happens in the story, and the reader places his own interpretation upon it. I have no defense to make. I offer no alibi. None is needed. Ask any man who has been on a mission about the home-coming. Better still, go on a mission yourself. Then perhaps you will understand. It is well-meaning people like you who drive returned missionaries to drink.' 'I thought the *Era* was improving, but now I am convinced, it is not.

"Hoping you will stop 'Forever or Never,' I remain.

Sincerely,

B. Van Hermes."

HE SEEMS TO GET THE LESSON

"22 Rue Bridaut, Verviers, Belgium, May 19, 1933.

DEAR Editor: May I take this occasion to thank you for the *Eras* sent out to us 'Mishies.' They are a monthly delight, and a practical aid to us as well. Another tie that binds us to Zion! All of us here in the French mission are rooting for the *Era*.

"I should also like to send a bouquet to Harris Weberg for his art work. Long may he slave, with such results.

And another one for Ardyth Kennelly and her "Sixteen Sings." Delightful.

"Your new serial, 'Forever or Never,' is great. Mr. Harmsen has painted his hero like too many of us 'mishies' are.

Sincerely yours,

Ivan C. Jones."

HARVARD OLSON, who writes "A Farmer Gone Wrong," lives in Springville. This, so far as we know, is his first story. He is an electrician on the Salt Lake and Utah Railroad and writes a bit between times for fun.

HOW Lovely Youth!" Ardyth Kennelly is with us again with one of her youthful, poetic stories. We hope you'll like it.

ELDER BALLARD, business manager of *The Improvement Era*, announced at June Conference that where time will permit the editors will offer criticism on stories and poems. Time is exceedingly limited with us on account of many calls made upon us from other sources than the magazine, however, where criticism is invited, occasionally we might be able to offer it.

We have discovered, to our sorrow, that some writers do not like criticism; others who ask for it do not appreciate what they receive. But we are terribly good natured through it all, and will do our best.

CONFERENCE OF WRITERS TO BE HELD IN COLORADO

A CONFERENCE of Rocky Mountain Writers will be held at the University of Colorado, at Boulder, July 24 to August 12. Classes as well as lectures and conferences will be held. Writers interested could address letters to the University of Colorado for further information.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL TIMPANOGOS HIKE JULY 21-22

THE Twenty-second Annual Timpanogos Hike is scheduled to be held on Friday and Saturday, July 21 and 22. Work has already begun on the Theatre of the Pines and a new water system for Aspen Grove, according to Vivian West, Forest Ranger in that district. The Annual program will be held Friday evening and will be followed by the hike on Saturday morning.

U. B. I. C. TO BE HELD IN AUGUST

THE Uintah Basin Industrial Conference will be held as usual this year, according to Erastus Peterson, who has been a prime mover in the conference for years. The Conference was called off, but such a protest followed from the people that plans were immediately laid to continue the celebration. "U Bet I Can," is the interpretation given sometimes to the initials used in advertising the conference—And They Can!

ORA LEWIS, who writes that "Bread and Milkweed" story, is a Salt Lake City girl, a sister to George K. Lewis, the artist and photographer. Miss Lewis is now in Mexico gathering local color for her poems and songs.

WOULD YOU LIKE MORE ART?

OUR volume will soon come to a close. By that time we shall have presented twelve living Utah artists. There are at least twelve more who deserve to be presented. We are wondering how our readers like the frontpieces. We'll be glad to have you drop us a card.

M MEN AND CLEANER GIRLS, ATTENTION!

READ *The Improvement Era* advertisement on the inside of the front cover. We think you'll be interested. Merrill E. Wood and Mary D. Thomas, the winners of the scholarships this year, have both completed two years of college work and are eager to press forward to a degree. You may be the fortunate ones next year.



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